

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JULY 12, 1982

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**Maclean's**

JULY 12, 1992 VOL. 85 NO. 28



#### Closing the ring of steel

With the red walked in by Israeli forces around West Beirut, diplomats sought a plan to remove the Palestinians and to rebuild a fractured Lebanon. —Page 22



#### Summer folk celebrations

From Vancouver to Owen Sound, folk musicians are gathering this summer to play fiddle, blow tin whistles and strum acoustic guitars and banjos. —Page 53

#### COVER

#### New fear and anger

Alan Macfarlane's budget brought little joy in any quarter and roused special ire among organized labor, which the Finance Minister singled out for particular attention. The stakes are suddenly too high for either side to falter, and it is clear that union extravaganzas are conceded only by the depths of desperation in the Liberal cabinet. —Page 18

Cover photo by Anne Stock/Visuals Ltd.



#### Compromise over the Crow

Transport Minister Jean-Luc Piquet promised to introduce legislation this fall over the grain-train controversy. It could lead to a whole new agricultural era. —Page 9



#### Old stories on new stages

Two productions at the Shaw Festival, *Too True to Be Good* and *The Singular Life of Albert Nobbs*, are wonderfully tailored to the historic Court House stage. —Page 46

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## Who cares?

Regarding your no-page cover story in the July 8 issue, *A Prince is Born*, telling us all about the newest member in Britain's Royal Family, I have two words to say: who cares?

—SILENT CAT  
Toronto

**Ridiculous!** In a week that included the resignation of the American secretary of state, thus causing the biggest foreign policy crisis yet for the Reagan administration, and the continuation of the worst Middle East battle in a decade, what event do you feature on your cover? The royal baby—PRINCE CHARLES.

Toronto

## Clouding the abortion issue

I am pro-choice and yet I object to your article *Legal Clout Without a Trial* (Canada, June 28), which implies that the pro-life movement is the cause for suspension of the therapeutic abortion committee at Mount Sinai Hospital. The problem is that the law is not clear, and provincial and federal civil servants and politicians are acting unilaterally when they refuse to make decisions to clarify the situation.

—RENEEVEE J. REEDY  
Vancouver

## Cruelty to animals

After reading your Justice article *A Sordid tale in the Name of Research* (June 28), I have a very simple solution to offer to all the kind and upstanding members of the Canadian Animal De-



The royal baby: Hail more important?

fence League. Science should abandon research using poor animals and use the members of the defense league instead. Sound ridiculous? Anyone visiting a cancer ward will realize the intense need to help rid sufferers of their incredible pain. If the animals cannot be used, we have no choice but to resort to the humans. The bottom line here is that it is people like these neurotic animal lovers that give left-wing dogooders a bad image. —JERMAN E. DEWICK  
Winnipeg

## Satanic messages: no joke

I was pleased to see that the cover story of our London West end, Jack Bughardt, were raised in the *People* section of the June 28 issue. When *Cosmo* London presented a denigratory or satirical message in popular music, we laughed. We all realized that this was no joke. That's why the story was in *The Free Press*. And, most important, that's why our kid stood up in the House of Commons.

—JACK PINKOVICH  
London, Ont.

## A rhyme for Horner

Thoughts about Jack Horner's appointment as head of the Canadian National Railway (Passages, May 21), and his statement that he will move the whole operating headquarters to Edmonton. Little Jack Horner

Had a hole in his corner  
Heading a war from Trudon—  
"The system report you  
I will not protect you  
It's not what, but who that you  
know You haven't been dumb  
The CN to your plans—  
And I don't give a hoot where you go."  
(With apologies to Mother Goose)

—J. D. BELL  
St. Albert, Alta.

## PASSAGES

**CHARGES** Back Hamilton, 60, Laval University economics professor, with spying, by the British government. Hamilton allegedly passed top secret information to an unidentified enemy power during his five years as an economic adviser with NATO more than 30 years ago. In 1969 he was investigated by the RCMP for similar activities after he admitted having given unclassified political and economic data to the Russians, but was never charged. Hamilton was to appear in a London court this week.

**DEED** Pierre Balmain, 68, the Paris designer instrumental in restoring haute couture as a leading force in fashion after the Second World War, in Paris, of cancer. Balmain, along with a few other designers, including Christian Dior, set the world's fashion agenda for two decades, until the upheavals of the 1960s cost the couture houses their primary Balmain's clients included such film stars as Marlene Dietrich, Brigitte Bardot, Katharine Hepburn and Sophia Loren, along with members of the monarch classes around the world.

**DEEDS** Igor Gouzenko, 63, the Soviet cipher clerk who revealed the extent of Soviet espionage activity against its former allies in the Second World War (page 12).

**RETIRED** Dave Keen, 42, the shy, gentlemanly hockey player who was the last link in the once powerful Toronto Maple Leafs team of the early and mid-1960s. Keen led the Leafs to their last Stanley Cup in 1967 and won the Conn Smythe Trophy as the most valuable player in the playoffs that year. Last season, scoring with the Hartford Whalers, Keen was the oldest player in the National Hockey League. In his career total of 1,507 games over 22 years, the Norwalk, Conn., native was assessed a total of only 122 minutes in penalties.

**LAST** Henry King, 86, pioneer movie director and last surviving member of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Although King made such classics as *Jesse James* (1939), *Love is a Many Splendored Thing* (1955), *The Sun Also Rises* (1957) and *Tender is the Night* (1962), starring some of the finest actors in the United States, he was largely unknown by the general moviegoing public. Fellow director Frank Capra remarked in his 1971 autobiography that King made "him into so easily, so efficiently and so safely that he is not even in a community of living triplets."

Change of Scene,  
Nova Scotia in the fall.Change of pace,  
Nova Scotia by  
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When so many places these days have become commercialized, too expensive, and far away, discover Nova Scotia this fall. It's an unspoiled down home way of life. Fall's the perfect time to explore all of it, and to meet the people. People at peace with themselves, and ready to welcome visitors.

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## War is hell

To say that the British were depressed by "the first three days after landing, the troops had well advanced only 30 km inland" is ridiculous, since four days to consolidate a bridgehead and land thousands of tonnes of stores is, in fact, very satisfying and timely (Clemens, *The War on Port Stanley*, World, June 3). This irresponsible reporting by journalists who have never heard a shot fired in anger or seen a thousand men killed in a few minutes may sell magazines but will certainly not impress those experienced in action from 40 years ago. —JERRY COTTON, Vancouver



Argentine air force Mirage attack Port Stanley, shot fired in anger

## Tradition, take heed

Regarding your Editorial of June 25 (*Memo to Pierre Trudeau—Park Up and Leave Town*) it is becoming increasingly evident that the Trudeau government is indeed acting in a contemptible fashion. For the first time in my voting life of five years, I must hesitantly say that I find it impossible to support the Liberals. This party has apparently forgotten its basic promise for citizens. I sincerely hope that its only success is halted—its ability to win elections. —STUART LEWIS, West Hill, Ont.

## Economy in a mess

Alan Meadows deserves our praise and a great deal of action and support in his plan for the survival of the trailer fishermen of British Columbia (*A Not-So-Fine Kettle of Fish*, Paducah, June 14). The problem is quite similar to the demise of the small farmer of eastern Ontario and western Quebec, where most of the pseudo-conservatives have been putting the big growth and efficiency theories of agri-business. Our basic food resources are being threatened from all sides. Now our economy is in a rout, and soon these sorcerers of

economic hallelujah will expect the little guy to bail them out now that agri-projects and corporate growth are also subject to economic distress.

—JUDY MELNICK, Pembroke, Ont.

## Pope misunderstood

One fully appreciates that the need for brevity may, at times, blur more precise presentations of facts, but to attempt to perpetuate certain myths, as your writer did in regard to the much misunderstood issue of papal infallibility, is certainly in the worst possible taste (*A Journey of the Hands and the Faithful*, Religion, June 7). It is not that whatever the Pope says must be accepted. In fact,

I obtained a copy of [U.S. Trade Representative] Bill Brock's address to the Board of Trade on Jan. 25, 1982, in which he says, "My brother and I fought every day of our lives until... he just finally lost his cool and threw me down the stairs and broke my arm." No doubt this is the origin of Mr. McQueen's error.

—PAUL ROBINSON, United States Ambassador, Ottawa

## Students need discipline

Owen Gray echoes what I have been hearing from the universities, which are faced with entrants who are very poorly educated (*Turning a New Leaf at the Old Padua*, June 7). The problem is in the high schools, where there are too many elective courses. For a progressive nation, it is shocking that high school students are being denied the intellectual discipline that comes from studying Latin, history, geography and philosophy. The end result will probably be a return to the universities as a place for the elite, which may not be a bad thing. A system of elite high schools and universities, with emphasis on the humanities, can supply the nation's leaders. —A.J. CHILL, Calgary

## Excuse the mix-up

The picture from the Stratford Festival production of *The Mischief* appearing in your June 21 issue (*A Master Transformation of Spectacle*, Theatre) bears an incorrect caption. It is a picture of Eric Denton as Ke-Ke, the Lord High Executioner, not Richard McMillan, an unidentified Mr. Denton has received much public acclaim for his timel and understated Ke-Ke. —JOHN BAKER, Personal Manager for Eric Denton, Stratford, Ont.

## Praise for Mephisto

Your film review of Saba's *Mephisto* is sadly simplistic (*Maniac Outrage*, Film, June 14). Saba's film is neither about Nazis nor Hitler's ambition as such. It is about an artist whose survival depends on his native language. May I bring to your attention the German film on Goethe's Faust I, which stars Gert Fröberg. Fröberg was the greatest Mephistopheles actor of the German stage. His outstanding artistry illustrates Saba's central concern: is it worth compromising the man for the artist? Saba's film is a rich tapestry of being and seeming, woven around this question. —ANDREW MACINTOSH, Montreal

Letters are edited and may be reworded. Writers should supply a return address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 161 University Ave., Toronto Ont. M5W 1A1.



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## Retiring age-old stereotypes

By Frank H. Walker

**T**he old folks are getting out of hand. They are becoming not only politically demanding but socially assertive. They are learning a fact of life about our society: don't just ask, in the expectation that if your cause is just you shall receive, but take, and worry about the consequences later. The Over-the-Hill gang, which specializes in armed holdups, is doing just fine in Texas—all of its members, the authorities suspect, are there late 50s and 60s.

The old folk are getting out of hand in Canada as well as in the United States, where senile crime by the elderly has increased by 272 per cent since 1964, compared with 182 per cent for the population as a whole. There is an reason to doubt that the same thing isn't happening here. The dear old things are into bank robbery and drags—a 74-year-old is doing "one to 10" for selling drugs to runners—and they are doing it not necessarily because they are poor but because, in the view of some experts, they feel betrayed.

It is the response of anger, not need, and there is no reason why it will not continue. We are heading into a new unknown, the social consequences of which could be devastating. Within the experience of all the old people alive today, our allotment of time on this earth has increased from 40 to 75 years. "Nothing comparable to it," Ronald Rhymer told us in his book, *The View as Winter*, "has been known before."

Within the lifetime of Canadian teenagers, the old, whom they will then be, will make up 38 per cent of the population. We have urgent choices to make: we can continue the process of leaving them off, which does not work even for elderly mice, according to studies conducted by the psychology department at Pennsylvania State University, or we can set them free. Old mice did much better in large cages, being given, it was discovered, to much odd comfort as running and frolicking, which might be a lesson for all of us.

Learn or not, we have much to learn and little time to learn it in. We think of ourselves as a young country, or a country of the young, when we are fast becoming neither. We can decide whether the old will be a burden or an asset, whether to preserve our stereotypes or see the possibility of a new reality. We can treat the old as embarrassment, or we can see in them enormous possibilities.

If we choose to go on as we are, seeing in age not only a nuisance but a fear, we can find ourselves confronted with an enormous social burden, borne by an increasingly ingenuit and smaller work force. We will have of more Indians, overwhelmed by the old and convinced that everyone is living too long." I think that after about the age of 30 there should be euthanasia," she told Rhyne. "It is a shame that so many old people are kept alive. They waste the taxpayers' money and fill up the geriatric wards and nursing homes."

In Lima, where Linda lives, the time is not far off when every two workers, from adolescence to retirement, will be required to support one old person, and Linda's ingu could then become not the distorted fantasy of a child but something more chilling. This is where we have gone wrong. The old are not as Linda sees them. They are not

*The old are not all sick, boring and ugly, though some of them are all these things, as indeed are some of all of us*

all is geriatric wards. They are not all sick, boring and ugly. Though some of them are all these things, as, indeed, are some of all of us.

We are surrounded by examples of the opposites of active and attractive minds in attractive and aging bodies. We live, though we do not seem to know it, surrounded by old people who not only have much to offer but offer it successfully, yet somehow we manage to separate these from the old of our imaginations. We fall too easily into patterns of beliefs that are wrong, and we had better be rid of them or we are going to have a very disturbed half-century.

When the group by the old for political power reaches its climax in about the year 2050, the rest of society could have a real problem. The seniors will learn to take on the scale that other groups take. They will demand not only their share but more than their share, and they will divide society as wealth and poverty divide it today.

The social talents of the aged are an untapped mine in our society. They can, if given the chance, relieve some of the burden that falls on a decreasing num-

ber of us. They can pay their way and earn their keep and, in the process, make it better for everyone—through talent banks perhaps. More important, they can add a new dimension to our society by lengthening the lives of all of us with shared experience. They can add to a lifespan that we have artificially restricted to one or two decades by our emphasis on youth.

Ironically, we have met the problem of increasing age in our society by pretending that life is only worth living for a very short period of our existence. If you are not young, then you are not very much, and we have done it at the very time when we are living longer and longer.

There are no problems with growing old. There are new infirmities and new anxieties, but they are no more than a part of the process. Arbitrary retirement presents its own difficulties, but it is a problem that can be solved with relative ease. What will be more difficult to change are the myths that cause of us hold a lost spring to be old is to be on the threshold of death, to be a nuisance and a burden, to be set of thought. So we seem to feel, because we are fearful of losing our own youth and even more fearful about thoughts of death.

We tend to segregate by age, to think that one generation has little to teach another. We keep the old out of sight and out of mind and, in doing so, as Robert N. Butler pointed out in his Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *Why Survive?* Being Old in America, we deprive the young of their sense of ancestry, history and roots, of understanding and identity.

It is this sense of rootlessness that worries me, for it deprives us of our bearings and makes us fearful of our ends. It leaves whole generations adrift without an anchor to the past or a destination for the future. It also disturbs me that the old, in their turn, should be deprived of the right to bequest a deeply personal heritage to those who follow them—a right, if you like, to immortality.

But if we allow the old to come out of the closet at, better still, encourage them to do so, we will find that age is not so distant from youth, that the old have much in common with the young, that we share an inevitable process, that life in its totality is worth living.

Frank B. Walker is a Montreal writer and the former editor in chief of *The Montreal Star*.

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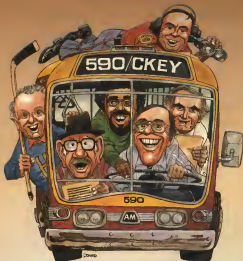
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Crownest Pass in Alberta: the most crucial development in Canadian agriculture since the stalwart men in the sheepskin coats

### CANADA

## A long-sought compromise on the Crow

By Suzanne Zwiars

*The farmer and the woman should be friends? Oh the farmer and the woman should be friends*  
—Oscar Hammerstein in *Oklahoma!*

**T**he mayfly was indeed here, but not for long. After decades of debate over the Crownest Pass freight rates—those which grain farmers can ship their crops at a cost level established in the last century—federal negotiator Clay Gibson has forged a compromise acceptable to most of the West's previously feuding farm groups. Two umbrella organizations representing some 30 farm groups with a combined membership of more than 100,000 have joined CP Rail in accepting "with reservations," Gibson's Report on Western Grain Transportation.

The Manitoba and Alberta governments are, as far, concerned in their attitude to the agreement, and Canada National views the report with "serious reservations." And opposition seems limited to the Saskatchewan government and the National Farmers Union's 5,000 families. "Now it's on the political arena and it's a sure thing, something's going to be done," says Ivan McNeil, chairman of the Prairie Farm Commodities Coalition (PFCC), a blanket organization taking in 35 groups. "There's no letting back

The country, the producers, the industry are no longer afford the present system."

For his part, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Poirer says he will introduce legislation to the Commons this fall. And that could set in motion the most crucial development in Canadian agriculture since the stalwart men in sheepskin coats began arriving in 1896 to turn a barren landscape into the breadbasket of the Empire. According

**'Now it's in the political arena, something's going to be done. The country can no longer afford the system'**

to its detractors, the Hilly Crow, as grain farmers have long referred to their cheap rates, helped keep westerners as the country's hoppers of wood and shovels of water. If that rule disappears with the Crow, the region will be left from California supermarkets to Ontario packing plants.

If Gibson's report is implemented, it will effectively chip the wings of a bargain struck in 1987 when the federal government was pressed to subsidize

a railway line through the then lucrative mining area of the Crownest Pass and set permanent rates at a level that was reasonable for the turn of the century. Gibson's 11 major recommendations would phase in a system under which grain growers and the federal government would pay Canada's railways the difference between the half-century-old per-mile Crow rate and actual rail costs. The current arrangement in costing railways \$300 million annually, and, since 1974, the deficit has risen at an average rate of 15.5 per cent a year. Farm groups hammering out the compromise with Gibson could not agree on whether the subsidy should go directly to the railways or the producers until 1990-91, when producers will receive 65 per cent of it.

Gibson, a University of Manitoba agricultural economics professor, also recommends that the government's promised \$612-million contribution to the shortfall this year should be increased by \$644.1 million annually. Not only that, but he says that crooks (formerly "raped") and listed men and girls should be brought under the wing of the Crow and that a stabilization fund and adjustment payment system be set up to protect producers. At the same time he called for a replacement of the Grain Transportation Authority so that producers, industry and transportation representatives could join the federal



business, currently allowing rail men to grain transport. If the Crow remains, the railways' deficit is predicted to reach \$2 billion by 1992. Gilson calculates that, by then, the cost to the government, without Crow, will be \$3.5 billion. Under Gilson's scheme, all Canadians, in effect, share the burden of getting Canada's wheat to world markets—a burden that the railways say they can no longer carry if they are to maintain a viable shipping system.

On the eve of the report's June 28 release (owed up a day to escape the new budget fallout), Gilson and Pease met with most of the 50 representatives of farm groups that have been signaling the Crow since the professor's appointment by the minister in Feb. 8. There were few games and no complaints from those at the meeting, but representatives now have to run Gilson's golden mean past the grassroots. And even though farmers are in the middle of their summer harvest, "we'll get a response," says Howard Falkenberg, chairman of the Western Agricultural Conference, the second big umbrella organization. "It's large enough and it's important enough" to warrant immediate attention, he says.

Falkenberg believes that Canada's 130,000 grain producers will start out paying 18.5 per cent of rail costs and that by 1992-93 they will be paying 30.7 per cent, on constant volume. Meanwhile, a complex system of sharing annual inflation costs up to six per cent has been recommended by Gilson for producers and the government. Double-digit inflation, if it continues, seems to be exactly the government's problem. "We'll pay more only if they guarantee that prices of our products will escalate, and there's no guarantee of that," says Falkenberg.

Supporters of the Gilson report will move to the next political move after the mid-June session of the National Farmers Union (NPU). The federal NDP quickly

tabled petitions in the Commons containing 13,000 signatures protesting changes to the Crow. Now Ted Strain, president of the NPU, promises more petitions and summer protest rallies opposing a report that he calls "devastating." The NPU computer has spat out preliminary figures, but Strain says that the farmers' correct shipping cost of \$4.80 per tonne (vs. the railway's \$18) could fall near by 1992. Calculating a 10-per-cent inflation rate and projected production increases (instead of constant volume), it will cost \$63.50 a tonne to ship grain by then. And, with the government's subsidy fund, farmers will have to pay at least \$20.50, says Strain, "probably a lot more than that." The only winners if Gilson's report is implemented, Strain declares, will be the railways, "which will get a tremendous amount of money—2½ times the present rate" and a green light to start abandoning branch-lines—"hidden costs that will be thrown right back on the farmer and municipal governments."

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau infuriated a Saskatchewan audience in March with a jibe that farmers have no more right to be protected against rising prices than any other group. "Now it happens to be the Prairie farmers. Big deal," he said. Western farmers are more likely to think it is a big deal that they must pay to ship their grain to market at all, when, in the case of manufactured goods from Central Canada, it is the purchaser who pays. The Crow has gone hand in hand with that attitude, making it cheaper to ship raw products east, refine them there and return them west—at western expense—rather than process them in the West. "The western hog industry is already gone," says Chris Mills, manager of the Alberta Cattle Commission, and if Crow is not amended now, "the livestock and repeated-culling industries will be gradually destroyed."



Prarie wheat areas of saline soil

Conceding that cattlemen did not get all they wanted, Mills says that Gilson "did a tremendous job of pulling together as much consensus as possible." It's as close as you can get to providing a solution to Crow that most farm associations can go along with. "The Eastern implications of Gilson's report were not lost on Mills. After his release, he promptly flew to the United Kingdom to peddle Alberta cattle. Mills also has been urging the California market, which imports 1.5 million pounds of beef, more than Alberta produces annually. Alberta is closer to California than the U.S. Midwest, which supplies its beef, and California is closer to Alberta than Montreal, the province's traditional market. "This is a major project with a lot of downstream benefits to the economy," says Mills, pointing out that "neutralizing the Crow" would allow producers to decide what to produce and where to sell it.

Grain producers agree that higher freight rates and lower farm gate prices will undermine the Prairie agricultural scene. It is long overdue, says the PFC's Ivan McMillan. "We now have five million acres of saline soil from trying to grow one kind of crop," he contends. "Every wheat farmer knows you can't grow wheat year after year. If you have a transportation system that removes the discrimination against added-value [processed] crops, the beneficial effects on all crops are going to be good."

If some farmers are already contemplating a switch to almonds and specialty crops, the Saskatchewan government is vowing to fight Gilson to the end. Agricultural Minister Eric Bernson recently fired out a letter of protest to Pease arguing that, with rising costs and falling prices, producers can't afford further expenses. Gilson argues a comprehensive solution to the Crow rather than waxes of the Band-Aid ap-

Pease: Western farmers and growers

proach applied, but his supporters fear that the federal government's own rising costs and deficit might impede attempts to change the Crow.

It has taken more than 30 years to get this far. In the 1950s Or Real contended what it had long suspected—it was losing money on the Crow—and, as a reformer welcomed the aid, CF has abandoned both carrot and stick techniques to get the farmers to assume more of the costs. If the Crow goes, the railway promises western expansion that will cost as much as the original incremental railway. If it stays, there will be shipment rationing that will affect Canada's balance of trade.

With farmers declaring the Crow to be the Magna Carta of the Prairies—their proof for entering Confederation—the railway did not get far with their blabbing until the grain-shedding system disintegrated into near chaos. But the farmers' realization that service would continue to decay as long as the Crow issues remained, combined with the agricultural processing separation of a New West still dependent on declining energy resources, finally convinced most westerners that something had to be done. In 1981 Trudeau handed Pease the job of finding a solution to the Crow problem, saying he would not have "the folly or the courage" to tinker with it until the West agreed.

Westerners have suggested that the federal government was only willing to tackle the Crow issue because the Liberals have nothing left to lose in the West—except money. But, with the West more or less agreed, the Crow has landed back in the political arena. It remains to be seen whether Gilson's report will fly or whether, like other examination reports since 1948, it will simply plummet back to earth. ☐

## THE ROCKIES

# Death at bargain prices

When British Columbia wildlife officials told Parks Canada officials that anguished trophy hunters were poaching in Alberta and BC national parks, they buttressed their claim by showing warden a trail of headless caribou—a path that appeared to lead to a sophisticated international organization. The ring was reported for high stakes—up to \$25,000 a head for a guaranteed kill of a Rocky Mountain Sheep Nerve, as a result of the investigation, 42 charges have been laid against two Canadian guides, two wilderness guides and a Washington outfit. One of the Canadians is scheduled to appear in a BC court next week on 34 charges, including illegal hunting under the Parks Act.

The investigation cast new light on a system under which wealthy U.S. clients can live out the Hemingway big game syndrome without the risks of carrying home empty-handed. A Baghead or a Baghead on a grand hunt, hanging over the fireplace, is a status symbol in some circles—as is a listing in the Boone and Crockett Records Book, which names the top 10 bags in North America. Baghead, says Jasper Warden John Steele. "A legal hunt can cost \$30,000 for a 14-day trip and there are no guarantees. When a fellow wants to bag a bear, he's already got a bear. There's a guaranteed kill at \$25,000 a great deal."

Although the 10 to 15 animals known to be poached annually in the Banff and Jasper parks by such rings are only a small percentage of the approximately 325 tons of illegal hunters, need and real estate, organized poaching is difficult to eliminate and prosecute. Wealth is the dividing line. The traditional nest-hungry poacher sneaking into the park to fill a freezer or an erratic rifleman who says Parks Canada Warden Mike Sebaste, "goes into the park and shoots the first thing that moves. He is not sure that they are easily apprehended."

That is definitely not the case with organized gangs whose clients are "devoted adventurers with the money to afford lawyers to protect them if they're caught," says Sebaste. And the money isn't just for the hunt. It's also for the parks in advance, since the poaching

patterns of the warden and study the habits of the elusive animals. Then they take pictures of poachers flying to attract their client. The client selects his prey from the photos and is smuggled into the park by a guide who leads him to the animal. Afterward, the head is dropped from the photo and by destroyed documents indicating that it was taken in a legal area outside the park.

Planned poaching is not new. But as the U.S. population of trophy animals declines and the remnants are aggressively—and increasingly—protected by U.S. wildlife officials who conduct undercover operations to break up the rings, many poachers have moved south. "We don't have the resources or sophistication to fight them," says Steele. "And the poachers under the Parks Act are so much that the poachers figure them into their costs." That is not difficult. Poached in 1990, the act provides for only \$200.



Siphon: sliver from living off the Hemingway syndrome

In the meantime, wardens fear that more poachers will arrive during the hunting season. As a result, Parks Canada officials are working on a new strategy. All trophy animals in the parks are being marked on the body—and horns, in the case of elk, deer and sheep—with visible and almost-indestructible brands. That will enable cautious officials to identify the animals, help wardens track poached trophies—and, perhaps, deter some poachers.

But, ultimately, the greatest obstacle in fighting the poachers is the park environment itself. Says Steele. "The natural resource fee is its natural habitat is what makes it a worthy target."

—DAVID GREENE in Calgary



## The most private citizen of all

It was Igor Gouzenko's final triumph—an obscure death. Even at the end the details were blurred. He died over the June 18 weekend, but newspapers were not in know of it until the middle of last week. Death came quietly. The radio was playing classical music in the living room of his Mississauga home, just outside Toronto. Gouzenko, 63, listened happily, energetically recasting the radio's orchestra with an imaginary baton for Anna, his wife of 40 years. It was 8 p.m. Suddenly he doubled over, clutching himself. In a matter of seconds, Igor Gouzenko, the Soviet cipher clerk who had defected to Canada on Sept. 5, 1945, with 100 secret documents tucked under his shirt, was dead.

Perhaps history will give Gouzenko the accolades that life denied him. From the moment that he walked out of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa, his life became a parody of the spy coming in from the cold—false identity, loneliness, isolation in every major and minor official recognition of his services. From the beginning the Canadian authorities seemed embarrassed by him. At the time of his defection, a desperate Gouzenko walked the streets of Ottawa like a door-to-door salesman hawking a new life-size appliance. The *Ottawa Journal* turned him away twice. Justice Minister Louis St. Laurent refused to see him. Prime Minister Mackenzie King warned that Gouzenko's revelations would offend the Soviets. In 1945, the war had been over for barely a month and the U.S.S.R. and the West were still locked in a bitter struggle against Hitler.

There had been defectors from the U.S.S.R. before, but none of the stature



Gouzenko: Last days in the open coffin

of Gouzenko. Here was a man employed as a decoder in the secret intelligence rooms of the Soviet Embassy, bringing with him documents that gave the first detailed evidence of large-scale espionage activities against the West organized and directed by the Soviet government and using Western nationals. In confirmed, as Gouzenko's report last year, "very gossiped Wall Street capitalist's worst suspicions about the Soviet Union."

Canada did not entirely desert Gouzenko. He was given a pension which at his death was said to be about \$1,000 a month. His writing and books brought him funds that enabled him to purchase a comfortable home in his native Russia. The bureaucracy balked at providing documents and passports for his children under their

assumed names. Gouzenko felt the protection of the RCMP was less than adequate at times and that his caution was a subject of ridicule while he thought it was a matter of common sense.

As he got older, his bitterness grew. He felt the evidence he had given concerning spy rings here had never been sufficiently investigated. Ottawa did not take advantage of his unique quality—a mind that had a precise understanding of the KGB mentality.

Outsiders began to see him as an enemy. His insistence on anonymity, which led to the wearing of a pillowcase in any public interview or photography session, was a matter of some scorn. The anonymity was, in fact, an act of self-sacrifice on Gouzenko's part. His goal was to make certain that his offspring never became the notorious children of a notorious father.

An Anglican priest, wearing his medals in his church, conducted the funeral services. When they were finished, a resolute Anna marched over to the open wooden coffin and kissed her husband. She was followed by her children—one daughter, now pregnant, did not attend. The grief was palpable. Believing and shaking, they issued the father they adored. Outsiders will never know the qualities Gouzenko showed the few people close to him. Blind for several years from severe diabetes, he retained a sense of humor. When asked by a Muslim's photographer to pose with his wife, both with girlfriends over their heads, he remarked that it would look like a meeting of the KKK.

His grave is fresh and still unmarked. At the burial service the minister mentioned Gouzenko's false identity and spoke of him as a gardener who emigrated to Canada from Prague. But his family will see fit to put the right name on it. It is not a name to be forgotten. —BARBARA J. MILLER/Toronto

## Facing facts in Sudbury

From the beginning, the strike against Inco Ltd. by 10,700 workers at Sudbury and Port Colborne, Ont., appeared doomed. The world's largest nickel producer had decided to extend leave in transportation and sales had plummeted and the firm's stockpile of unrefined metal would last six months. Despite those grim facts, the members of the United Steelworkers of America were convinced that Inco's management would not give in and they voted overwhelmingly to walk off the job. But during the next month the

news got even worse, and it was no real surprise last Friday that the workers voted to accept a contract virtually identical to the one rejected only six weeks before.

During their month on the picket line, the strike had turned even bleaker for the workers. Inco's July sales were even lower than predicted, making the stockpile even more formidable; the company had announced an unprecedented half-day furlough for many of its 2,000 salaried employees; Falconbridge Ltd., the other large nickel miner in Sudbury, extended a four-week shutdown to 15 weeks, and, most disheartening of all, Inco announced that it might start what the workers of the strike, it did not plan any operations until Oct. 3. The workers were faced with three months

of \$40-a-week strike pay or three months of unemployment insurance benefits of about \$25 a week. It was not hard to choose, and the workers voted by a 64-1 margin to accept the pay.

As union head, President Bob McDonald told a gloomy meeting in Sudbury last week, the union had lost its bargaining power.

For Sudbury the aftermath is good news. The local chamber of commerce had estimated that the strike was costing \$4 million a week in earnings. Unemployment insurance will not register all of that, but it is better than nothing. The city, however, still faces tough times if the long-awaited settlement what the workers of the strike, it did not plan any operations until Oct. 3. The workers were faced with three months



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BACARDI 1873. The very light amber rum.



that unemployment will remain well over five million and inflation will average 11 per cent.

In his inaugural budget negotiations with an anxious Liberal caucus (page 20), MacKachren refused to borrow further to finance economic expansion. He argued that such action could only be counterproductive, because "mainstream" newspapers would ask: "Canadian dollars if it became apparent that inflation was not the government's primary concern. Such action would inevitably drive the dollar still lower than the feeble 76.80 cents at which it was trading against the U.S. dollar last week. But the caucus extracted its own price. MacKachren could not use any of the \$3 billion in new federal revenues to help bring the deficit down. With his own political concerns in the parliamentary party frayed to the point of explosion, MacKachren reluctantly agreed to finance a series of traditional job-creation measures that there appeared to be an attitude of general weariness within the Trudeau cabinet. As one senior official noted, even if all public servants were laid off, except for the one who wrote the cheques, Ottawa's heavy commitments mean that it would still run a \$10-billion deficit.

Faced with the alternative of cutting back federal spending or raising new taxes, MacKachren chose to raise taxes. The principal method used was to cut off so-called "progressive" taxation and eliminate the linking of tax exemptions and social benefits to the cost of living for two years. Instead, the exemption brackets will be raised by an arbitrary six per cent next year and five per cent in 1984, regardless of the inflation rate. The wealthiest pensioners will get a fully indexed Guaranteed Income Supplement, while the Child Tax Credit will be raised to cover reduced family allowances. Any revenue lost from the principle of progress to taxation did not

discourage Trudeau from enacting his own special economic theories to the press. "If we all co-operate and reach a 50-per-cent society, then the 50-year pensioners will be getting a cost-of-living increase," the prime minister reasoned.

MacKachren's economic thrust differed markedly from that of last November's budget. At that time the minister argued that "the fundamental response of the government to the interest rate problem has been the budget deficit-reduction strategy of this [1981] budget." But last week the objective was to keep the deficit down and help lower inflation. To that end, Ottawa tore up its labor contracts with 500,000 public servants and Crown corporation employees, removed their right to strike and ordered maximum salary hikes of six per cent and five per cent in their next two annual increases. Those steps posed little political risk for the government because there is virtually no public sympathy for the civil servants, most of whom enjoy job security and indexed pensions. But a darker side of Ottawa's strategy emerged with its efforts to pin the lion's share of the blame for inflation on unionized workers, threatening to pit Canadians against Canadians while dodging any responsibility for its own actions.

Trudeau claimed that the government had "some discussion with organized labor" before the budget, but he added, "I can't give you any details." Still, it was obvious that little effort had been expended to reach a degree of consensus about wage restraint, with union leaders "There has been no contact with any principal union leader in this country," stated McDermott, whose CIO boasts two million members in affiliated unions. Trudeau suggested that invitations to discuss wage restraint will now be sent to labor leaders, but he refused to specify when. "For all I know, they may be gone out today, or tomorrow, or the next day," said the prime minister. McDermott claims he has never had "a business session with the prime minister since I became leader of the congress—and that is four years now." The climate may now be far too chilly for any effective sessions to be reached. "They don't want consensus politics when times are good," McDermott fumed. "But when their political ass is in the fireplace, they look around for scapegoats."

For all his harshness in the budget night, McDermott was probably reassured by week's end of Ottawa's strategy, since the chances of a general strike, even for a day, are slim. Rank-and-file unionists have already been rattled by the year's spewing stream of layoffs. CIO brass spent most of the budget week looking for win-winners and hoping to come up with an agreement among



Painted, the lines are drawn

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#### WHAT YOU GET AFTER 1984 TAX CHANGES

Earned Income	1982 Disposable Income		Newspaper Tax Paid
	Before New Budget	After Budget	
<b>Single Individual - No Dependents</b>			
\$10,000	\$8,767	\$8,732	\$65
20,000	15,042	15,750	84
30,000	22,491	22,327	164
50,000	34,375	34,061	297
100,000	60,749	59,777	472
<b>Married Individual - Two Dependents Under 18</b>			
\$10,000	\$10,957	\$10,995	\$41
20,000	18,861	18,854	57
30,000	25,354	25,311	133
50,000	37,168	36,735	413
100,000	62,978	62,078	600

#### FEDERAL SPENDING DEFICIT

Year Ending March 31



## BITS & BITES PALMISTRY

Because every handful  
is different.

A pretzel, 2 cheese bits,  
2 spiced rings, 2 wheat  
squares. A full hand. You  
will have a fulfilling day.

A hand of 3 or more wheat  
squares. Mr. Christie  
predicts a square deal ahead.

Everything but pretzel  
sticks. No tall, dark stranger  
will come into your life.  
But be open to short people.

A pair of each of the  
Bits and Bites snack.  
Your luck will  
be doubled for a week.

4 cheese bits, 3 spiced rings,  
3 pretzels, 5 wheat squares.  
You are either very hungry  
or have a large hand.

Additional observation:  
Mr. Christie points out that  
when playing palmistry  
with his cheese flavoured  
Bits & Bites snack,  
right hand must be used.

Spiced rings dominate  
your hand. Something very  
spicy will happen to you.

You've almost run out  
of Bits & Bites snacks.  
Get another pack soon  
before your luck runs out.



themselves by mid-July. The alternative is to concede impotence on the greatest threat to union solidarity since wages and price controls were imposed in 1975. "We're jockeying it," McLennan conceded. "And it needs quite a bit of jockeying."

Perrot argues that workers are not the real cause of inflation, that since 1975 average salaries have not kept pace with inflation. Since wages and price controls, federal government spending has soared 120 per cent, while average weekly earnings rose 60 per cent, not keeping pace with inflation, up 72 per cent. From MacEwen's budget speech there is no indication that Ottawa plans to curb spending, which has jumped 16 per cent and 15 per cent respectively over the past two fiscal years.

Crago says MacEwen used "vague words" to disown federal culpability for the broken-down economy. While the government essentially ignores the coffee shov on nearly every major new provision from the Nov. 12 budget, it did so without acknowledging that those provisions may have threatened investment. Similarly, it broke its 1980 election promise in weakening—but only marginally—its review provision of the Foreign Investment Review Act (FIRA). "They're just tinkering around at the edges," declared Conservative finance critic Michael Wilson. Still, the shift was enough to evoke a mild pep on the back from U.S. Special Trade Representative William Brock, whose criticism of FIRA has been unrelenting. It did not, however, assuage the provincial premiers, who have unanimously demanded that FIRA be scrapped. They argue that its rather feeble overall authority is in question since Canadian and foreign companies have moved \$25 billion out of Canada in the past five years while bringing in just \$1 billion worth of direct investment.

In New York *The Wall Street Journal* registered its disapproval in an editorial by dismissing the new budget as "well designed to deepen Canada's stagnation." When the huge deficit is coupled with the "self-destructive policies the government has followed to try to build national unity the problem worsens," the Journal added.

Sectors of the investment world took a brighter view. Changes to FIRA "will encourage Japanese investment in Canada," suggested Shingo Moriyama, an adviser to the Japanese ministry of international trade and industry. "I would have hoped that the message would have been stronger," said West German banker Rikhard Mehlner, president of Dresdner Bank Canada. "But it is a step in the right direction."

In the aftermath, it was clear that

budget-making had been returned to the politicians from the hands of young tax philosophers at the finance department. Political veterans had been upset last November when finance officials attempted to restructure the old system in an effort to inject a new sense of "equity" by blocking such tax loopholes as income-averaging allowances. In the end, MacEwen's novice advisers found that they had misread farmers having to pay a 50 per cent capital gains tax as the extreme sale of their property, while such big-name athletes as Guy Lafleur

talked of leaving the country. Such changes to "particular" tax breaks are considered only at a government's peril. It is axiomatic among political astute that people will hypocritically accept change in general taxation. Because everyone pays the price but that particular breaks for special-interest groups are perceived as a designation of social worth, they are almost always strongly opposed.

New sense of the loopholes have been restored—and a couple have been added. The November structures on deductions for interest on loans used for investments have been loosened, which helps the well-off, who can afford large bank loans. Among the new breaks is a program for buying stocks through special funds (rather like registered retirement savings plans), which would be taxed only after decaying returns.

Even without such tax advantages, taxpayers in the top brackets are less hampered by the new MacEwen budget than middle-income families. MacEwen's asked the accounting firm of Touche Ross to compile two families—one with one breadwinner, a spouse and two children, Family A, with a 1983 salary of \$116,000 plus \$5,000 of investment income, would find its income tax raised about four per cent by the new budget. Family B, making a \$26,000 salary as an investment, would suffer a tax increase of nearly 31 per cent.

After their four-hour meeting with Trudeau just 36 hours after MacEwen's budget speech, the provincial premiers emerged in a surprisingly con-

spiracy mood. All 30 felt that the prime minister had been listening to their advice. New boy Grant Devine of Saskatchewan, for one, suggested that people in his province would no longer tolerate the endless bickering that such meetings have produced in the past. "People want to see that not only can we control costs but that we can work our way out of these problems," he said.

The mood in the Commons was far less constructive. For their part, Conservative politicians were convinced that any suggestions they offered would

be manipulated by the government to deflect criticism of its own policies. Believing that they can simply sit back and let the government self-destruct, the Tories felt no need to promote their own sense with specific suggestions. Former finance minister John Crook emerged from the budget speech declaring that the government "is a drift" — it has no answers. But when asked what he would do in MacEwen's place, Crook demurred. "If I told you what I would do, we'd never get elected."

At the same time, large companies were pleased to see Ottawa's wage guidelines. General Foods immediately imposed a six-per-cent ceiling on its frozen meat staff—and tried to inform MacEwen's plan. That smaller companies were less enthusiastic. Gerry Van Wachem's Spectrum was typical. Pleased with the immediate collapse of his own province's Regina trader-

manufacturing business, Van Wachem said of MacEwen's proposals: "What budget?" Business for Van Wachem's company, Wentask-Willock, is down 50 per cent this year. He has cut back employment to 154 from 365, and retaining staffers now work just four days a week. "They're saying [in Ottawa]: Let's all tighten our belts, but we're excluding ourselves," Van Wachem blurted. "In effect, what MacEwen said was that he had an 'oops' factor of \$80 billion. You said that economic leadership."

For the 1,281,000 Canadians looking for work, Ottawa is now offering a waiting game: wait for the U.S. economy to rebound, wait for the gains of

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The Financial Post

# The Financial Post

August or September as union leaders grapple with a new strategy to confront Trudeau's new "no-pan-ol" scenario. At the same time, the cabinet must find ways to make the pay ceiling work. But it will be difficult to force wage concessions on unions at publicly owned Canadian National Railways when the same contract applies at Canadian Pacific.

Cabinet will also be faced with reviewing a writer of decisions forwarded to it from federal regulatory agencies. Bell Canada is seeking a 35-per-cent increase in residential telephone rates from the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission. Rags, Ragsdale and bag producers will be coming to marketing boards for higher prices. Ottawa must, in turn, use its power to review and roll back prices determined by its regulatory bodies in order to maintain the spirit of that anti-inflation strategy. And every cabinet-sanctioned variance from that target will inevitably anger the unions.

But odds are that the government will be unable to succeed. A sense of equity is still missing. While the politicians were allowing themselves a \$200,000 day care centre last week, the Canadian Medical Association announced that it would fund a study on the rationing of health services because of government cutbacks. Trudeau's newfound link between productivity and international competitiveness seems strangely out of place, since productivity has been flat or up on the deficit since 1977. When the prime minister talks of making a more "realist" society, the rhetoric seems particularly empty when Canadians recall that the Trudeau family has lost and has three children come out of the public purse, courtesy of the Official Residences Act.

In a study of the budget committee process, Peter Dobell of the poverty-focused Parliamentarian Centre concluded that in 13 years of the committee system 300 have passed \$485 billion in federal spending and cut a grand total of \$1,000. It is a significant figure for the Liberals, who are surprised by the difficulty of reducing the diverse ailments of the committee process. "Too many of us, one way or another, have been taking too much out of the economic system for too long," MacEachen stated on budget night. But there is still time, however short, to correct that excess—starting at the top.

*Bill Weinberg and Zsuzsa Kondos in Vancouver; Gordon Levy in Calgary; Dale Heller in Regina; Susan McKay in Toronto; Anne Byrne in Montreal; David Foster in Fredericton; Stephen Kline in Halifax; and Richard in New York and Marie Foley in Tokyo.*



## MacEachen buys time but maybe not for himself

By Mary Joergin

I was killed in his hour of political desperation. And Allan MacEachen was allowing themselves a \$200,000 day care centre last week, the Canadian Medical Association announced that it would fund a study on the rationing of health services because of government cutbacks. Trudeau's newfound link between productivity and international competitiveness seems strangely out of place, since productivity has been flat or up on the deficit since 1977. When the prime minister talks of making a more "realist" society, the rhetoric seems particularly empty when Canadians recall that the Trudeau family has lost and has three children come out of the public purse, courtesy of the Official Residences Act.

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The eye of the budget-making dilemma lies in the size of the deficit MacEachen and such hard-line ministers as Treasury Deputy President Don Johnston were appalled at the projected 1980-81 figure of \$29.6 billion. Other colleagues on the provinces and planning committee argued, however, that more money was needed for job creation and other stimulative measures. These ministers, such as Employment's Lloyd Axworthy, were prepared to let the deficit run even further. The cabinet battle raged for weeks. MacEachen scored only a partial win when it was agreed that all of the \$2.3 billion saved by cutting programs would be directed toward stimulative programs. He would have preferred to channel some money into combating the deficit.

There were other core points as well. For one thing, MacEachen had argued many of his cabinet colleagues by increasing such vital tax provisions as capital cost allowances in his November budget. And some hard-line cabinet members wanted the minister to reverse the changes. These ministers were trapped, however, by their commitment to such stimulative measures as job buy-back, but he gained 10% of the vital long-term trust that can be secured

cost allowances to their pre-November level. And that would have pushed the deficit beyond the psychological barrier of \$30 billion. Moreover, sources say it was because of personal pride that MacEachen did not want to change every November provision. His refusal left the budget saddled with persistent imprints.

The budget arguments were disrupted by other long-running battles. Although Energy Minister Marc Lalonde accepted the 10% fallback placed in the controversial National Energy Program, Trade Minister Herb Gray fought hard against key changes in the foreign investment review policy. Hard-liners wanted to suspend the agency's activities or to remove some of the cautions of transactions that are scrutinized. The cabinet was forced to compromise by merely changing the criteria to allow more firms to escape scrutiny.

MacEachen was pushed into a compromise by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau at a midnight late-night cabinet session meeting two weeks ago. The finance minister did not want to impose a super-profit ceiling on the annual increase of income-tax deductions. He, two other ministers and the finance department wanted to introduce a simplified surtax because he had previously promised not to touch additional indexing and because he viewed the surtax as a more honest approach. Trudeau apparently liked the "symmetry" of the six-per-cent package. Moreover, some cabinet ministers pointed out that if inflation drops to six per cent, no one will

Premier Richard Hatfield (N.S.), James Lee (P.E.I.), David Davies (Sask.), John Buchanan (M.L.), William Davis (Ont.), Peter Lougheed (Alta.), Brian Pockford (Man.), Michael Power (Man.), William Bennett (N.B.), René Lévesque (Que.) with Pierre Trudeau last week.

be penalized by the ceiling. Trudeau ended the meeting with the pointed reminder that MacEachen "should take some account" of the views of his colleagues. The minister swung into line before budget night.

The gap of war between ministers who wanted money for direct measures such as job creation and those who wanted to place funds into investment incentives was further complicated by the lack of room to maneuver. Ministers were armed with figures that showed that 23 cents out of each dollar spent goes to debt maintenance, 16 cents goes for government operations including defense and 25 cents is used for "payments to persons" such as family allowances. Once the ministers agreed to work within the deficit ceiling, their only real decisions were where and what to cut.

Finally, the cabinet agreed to pay ceilings on family allowances and old age security payments—but most ministers balked at any further inroads into the social security system. Instead they combed through the government's operational expenditures, paring existing programs to the bone. Despite indefinite NATO commitments, they even managed to free about \$200 million from the dis-

ance budget. Government telecommunications equipment is being replaced with gadgets that are less sophisticated and less costly. Although the cost-cutting measures will add billions, savings will likely be minimal (perhaps no more than \$200 million) and they will be applied to the deficit.

The result was a budget that bears a community stamp—and thus means that no one in the caucus or the party can complain openly. In the short term, MacEachen may be able to sustain an finance minister through political assassins. At last week's regular caucus meeting, the minister was roundly applauded and congratulated. But then some were asked that pay cuts should be applied to his minister only—and not to the head-of-expense portion Johnston apparently intervened with the plea that parliamentarians must not set an example. For his part, MacEachen did agree to consider requests that his blue-ribbon panel—which is due to report an investment incentive proposal by Sept. 30—should develop interim measures to stimulate investment. That would mean that incentives could be initiated this summer. The panel may also be asked to consider numerous other creative measures, such as the eventual restoration of the sensitive capital cost allowances.

In the long run, however, the restoration of full investment confidence may only be achieved by MacEachen's departure. Many Liberals consider that a minister of finance would not be added with having to justify past mistakes, and he could simply revoke what remains of the November budget. They also say that a new minister, such as Axworthy, would automatically trigger greater measures, such as a wage cut not be increased by his budget-eating history. At the same time, MacEachen's friends say that he is weary of the strain of finance and that he might welcome a portfolio shift. They say that he is also aware that any dramatic downturn in the U.S. economy could turn last week's budget into an irrelevant document. Parliament is expected to adjourn in mid-July, and it is now highly likely that there will be a cabinet shuffle after the adjournment.

Meanwhile, party insiders are scrambling to head off grassroots Ontario moves to put an embarrassing motion of confidence in Trudeau's leadership on the agenda of the Liberals' general meeting in November. They believe that if Michael Oakes, a former minister, pressure to get rid of Trudeau may intensify once the weeks ahead promise little results for the restless Liberals as they press MacEachen to make further budget adjustments and hope that he will agree to leave quietly. □



WORLD

## Closing the ring of steel

**A**fter a week of tense negotiations, an outline for avoiding an Israeli onslaught into Beirut appeared to be emerging late last week. The Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) seemed to be prepared to evacuate its guerrillas from the besieged Lebanese capital if it can maintain a diplomatic office in the city. For their part, the Israelis indicated a willingness to withdraw a few kilometers from Beirut and allow the guerrillas to take their personal weapons with them in order to avoid a humiliating political defeat.

But the fine print of a PLO withdrawal—both the means and the destination—still had to be written into a settlement. And at week's end, with Israeli patience wearing thin, the talks were still desperately poised. If the Israeli negotiating attitude to the PLO had softened—rather Jerusalem had refused any kind of pullback—it was clearly not from any weakening of the determination to drive the guerrillas out of Lebanon. Instead, it appeared that the United States, under pressure from Saudi Arabia, was demanding real restraint by Israel. U.S. President Ronald

Reagan's message: halting resistance

Reagan threatened to limit Israel's options, the country's leadership through ministers. Yitzhak Rabin declared: "We have not set a deadline, but we are approaching the limit of our patience." For his part, Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, who masterminded the invasion, was likely to be reluctant to withdraw after coming so close to succeeding in his bid to redraw the political map of Lebanon. Sharon's plan, reported in *Time* magazine last March, well before the shooting of Israel's ambassador in London—Jerusalem's explanation for the invasion—was for an Israeli attack on Lebanon to wipe out the PLO guerrillas. Sharon was also reported to have argued that an invasion would enable Israel to reshape the political structure of Lebanon—a possibility that Israeli leaders have written about all the way back to founding prime minister David Ben-Gurion. Israel's desire to crush the PLO has long meshed with the dreams of Lebanese Christian Phalangists to perpetuate their traditional hegemony over the country's Muslim majority. Jerusalem's enthusiasm for working with the Phalangists has allowed it to overlook their unavowed agenda—as a fascist party set up in 1936 after their founder visited, and was impressed by, Hitler's Germany. But although the Israelis and the Christians now seem in a position to re-establish the Christian grip on Lebanon—a control that was originally secured with the assistance of Western powers—the 60 per cent of the population that is Muslim is unlikely to give up its decades-old struggle for autonomy.

With a respite from the shelling last week, West Beirut was still in a state of shock. After three weeks of heavy Israeli bombardment from air, land and sea, vast sections of the Muslim western quarter were in ruins, with corpses strewn beneath the rubble, refugees crammed into parks and car bombs exploding sporadically. However, in preparation, Christians that Beirut residents continued to substitute and die in luxury while watching smoke rise over their ruined city.

In a move to isolate the more than 6,000 PLO guerrillas still in West Beirut, the Israelis threw undropped leaflets last week warning residents: "We have not used our full force yet," and urging them to take advantage of the lull and leave. An estimated 100,000 took the Israeli advice, but up to 400,000 residents remained.

The lull also gave Lebanese officials a chance to survey the full extent of the devastation. Prime Minister Shafik al-Hakim said that 15,000 people had died and the international community estimated that more than one-sixth of the



A Beirut beach: life almost as usual

entire population was homeless. Israel put the number of dead in the hundreds—and insisted that its targets had been guerrillas, not civilians. But Jerusalem's tactics of saturation bombing clearly made it difficult to separate the two. Moreover, the injuries resulting from high-velocity Israeli projectiles were horrific. A Norwegian surgeon, Hans Haugen, spoke of what had become known in Beirut as the "Bergen amputation," necessitated by the projectiles' destruction of bone and muscle.

As news of civilian casualties filtered back to Israel, resistance to the war broadened into a grassroots antiwar movement. Twenty thousand people demonstrated in Tel Aviv and returning soldiers held peace conferences attacking the invasion. One group held a 16-hour vigil outside Begin's office. Such protests triggered deep resentment among the majority which supports the Israeli military campaign—77.6 per cent of the population according to one poll last week. For his part, Sharon lashed out at the press for delivering its daily dose of "poison," although it is generally supportive of the war effort.

Meanwhile, prospects for a long-term solution to the Palestinian question seemed as remote as ever. The consensus among Western diplomats in Beirut was that the suffering of the 600,000 Palestinians in Lebanon would burden

resistance on the West Bank and in Gaza to autonomy within the Camp David peace framework. Elsewhere, the clear support for Arab capitals for a sustained political role for the PLO raised the possibility of the formation of a Palestinian government-in-exile. Such a move, announced in Amman last week, was predicted that Saudi King Fahd "might press for the promotion of his [eight-point peace] plan with guaranteed support of a weakened PLO."

But before any such scenario could move toward realization, the Israeli crisis over Beirut had to be solved. And with the talks seeming, at week's end, to be making little headway, a peaceful ending was uncertain. As Canadian ambassador Théodore Arcand warned shortly after his Canada Day celebration: "In the event of unexpected visitors from those [the local] opposition [for Israel], the party will be removed to the third basement." It was a grim reminder of the threat that hung over the city and of the desperate hour that began its quiet drive.

LINDA MCGILLIVRAY, with Michael Posner in Washington, Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Robin Wright in Beirut.

GUATEMALA

## Rios Montt's iron glove

Guatemalan President Efraín Ríos Montt, saying "it is time to do what God wants," last week declared a state of emergency against leftist guerrillas who operate in 15 of the country's 22 provinces. His move followed the expiry of an official amnesty—one which failed to halt the government's offensive against the rebels. Ríos Montt's successor, Gen. Efraín Ríos Montt, spent several days with the opposition forces. His report.

**O**n the hillsides flanking a village, small, carefully tilled agricultural plots have been recently cultivated by the local Indians. But the village itself, in the central province of Chimaltenango, is deserted. Like many other mountain hamlets, El Amatitlán, as it is known to the guerrillas, has become a casualty in Guatemala's increasingly savage civil war.

The destruction of El Amatitlán brought to light a new breed of ruthlessness among anti-government peasant groups. After the Guatemalan army fought with guerrillas in a nearby settlement, soldiers rounded up its inhabitants, tortured them on the ruins of burning the camp and selected 30 of them to identify leftists in El Amatitlán. But before the contingent reached its target an emergency plan was put into effect in El Amatitlán, and its inhabitants disappeared into nearby ravines, hiding in the wood-strewn valleys or under plastic sheeting. When the army finally arrived, the village was deserted. Then, the soldiers reportedly lined up the 16 grades and shot them.

Last week, 600-odd signatures of the anti-Guerrilla Army of the Poor (Ejército Guerrillero del Povo) ended up with the refugees. From them it had been a successful, evasive scheme. They claimed three soldiers were killed for one guerrilla wounded.

The tactic was one of Guatemala's most vicious struggle, at least as savage as those in nearby El Salvador that, unlike most Salvadoran guerrilla groups—which have the capacity to operate in large cities—the RGR is still operating mainly in small remote areas. In urban fighters change camps from day to day and move long distances across the mountain through steep and hot, which forces them almost all army attempts to be then down. And the guerrillas use their broad peasant support as a ubiquitous force from which to strike the army.

The guerrillas have become an impressive symbol of alternative power



Guatemalan rebels in the jungle, an open-ended state of emergency

for the peasants. They also prevent the government with an awkward dilemma. The authorities have to choose between destroying their only real opposition—which would probably mean killing several hundred thousand peasants in the process—or making an attempt at reconciliation. For his part, Rios Montt, who dumped the elite members of his junta and declared himself president last month, had declared an amnesty for surrounding guerrillas and held conversations with their political representatives in Washington. But as the amnesty expired last week, the talk of reconciliation ended, and Rios Montt called up the army reserves and promised "four and five years of peace for the subversives."

The move highlighted the intractable knot that is central to the political problems in Central America: any real reconciliation requires an agricultural revolution. Land ownership is concentrated in the hands of a few wealthy people at a time when the peasant population—largely Indian—has increased dramatically. And low coffee and coffee prices and increasing mechanization also threaten to deprive the Indians of the little land and work they have.

Meanwhile, the fighting is reaching a desolate stage. Attempts by the govern-

ment to dismantle the guerrillas as irrelevant have been superseded by serious statements of alarm. "We are in a state of civil war," said the minister of government, Col. Menes Rios last month.

But Rios Montt not only has to spearhead the fight against the guerrillas, he also has to try to cut the most extreme sources of the army. To that end he has put on trial a cohort of former ministers of education, Clemente Castillo Corrales, for corruption. That was him the support of some traditional opponents in the universities and what remains of the labor unions. But in the countryside the military still holds critical control. Measures of up to 30 peasants at a time are common in the mountain provinces. Women and children who support the guerrillas are burned alive—often in their own homes.

Still, the guerrillas continue to fight and the peasants continue to support them, despite army threats of drastic reprisals. "We do not think it right to give up the struggle because of the others who have died. We trust in God," was the message from one gathering of 46 villagers. That patient insistence is typical of the willingness to endure their belief in that eventual victory. ☐

## WEST GERMANY

### Schmidt plays for a little time

**T**he deal came just in time to save West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's 18-month administration. After trading ultimatums for more than 12 stormy hours last week, Bonn's warring coalition partners—Schmidt's Social Democrats (SPD) and the minority Free Democratic Party (FDP) of Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher—finally achieved a compromise over the size of next year's budget deficit. But for Schmidt, whose party approved a ruling last week to 50 percent, it was likely to be only a temporary reprieve. Asked during the skirmishing whether or not the government would fall, a leading SPD official, Wilfried Böse, replied, "Not this time, but the next time."

The SPD-FDP coalition has governed West Germany for 13 years. But friction over economic priorities has made its tenuous ride an uneasy situation ever since the coalition scored a re-election victory by a record margin over the Christian Democratic Union (CDU) in 1980. The FDP, a center-right party committed to free-enterprise principles, has always opposed heavy government spending by Schmidt's welfare-conscious Social Democrats. For years, while the economy ran smoothly, that opposition was masked by the parties' broad agreement on other salient issues: foreign policy, education and defense. But last year the recession began to bite—the jobless rate is now nearly two million, the highest in three

decades—and a dispute over a runaway budget deficit dominated the relationship.

The parties' electoral divide is due in part to 1984. But their coalition came close to breaking up last summer over the 1982 budget. In February there was another crisis when the Free Democrats objected to an emergency plan drawn up by Schmidt to cut unemployment and stimulate the economy. A dramatic flurry of electoral attacks further loosened the ties. In the latest election defeat—in Schmidt's home town of Hamburg, long a Social Democratic stronghold—voters deplored Schmidt's supporters of their overall majority. And, adding to the debacle, they voted the Free Democrats into fourth place, behind the Greens, Germany's growing ecology movement. The FDP failed to gather the five per cent of votes needed to qualify for seats in the local parliament.

Yet another blow to the coalition came with an announcement last month by local Free Democrats in Hesse that they would line up with the Christian Democrats in state elections due in late September. Their switch makes it almost certain that the Social Democrats will lose their hold on this key state. They could also lose their majority in the federal Bundestag (parliament). That would precipitate a legislative crisis, because the Christian Democrats would be able to block all government bills.

The Free Democrats' defection in Hesse was clearly dictated by their fear that they would lose heavily if they remained tied to the sinking SPD. But they may still be wiped out as a political force there. FDP's leaders admit that the next night was an absolute majority and be able to govern without their help. The

same possibility is emerging at the federal level. Surveys show that public backing for the coalition team has waned away so dramatically that the CDU and its Basic ally, the Christian Social Union, would capture 53 per cent of the votes if elections were held now. The prospect of winning a majority has made CDU leaders visibly less eager to see the Free Democrats cross the line to join them in a new right-wing coalition in Bonn. "Our interest is waning every day," declared Bavarian Finance Minister Strauss, the right's leading candidate for chancellor in 1980.

Public dissatisfaction with the Bonn government's performance has left the Free Democrats facing what could be a fatal dilemma: the longer they remain

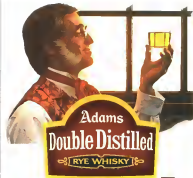
klutched to Schmidt's star, the greater the danger that they will be abandoned as the protest party in West German politics shifts, rejecting the CDU—with which they shared power prize to joining the SPD in 1965—might create an impression of opportunism, weakening their image beyond repair. Schmidt's choice is almost as wrenching. He needs the FDP to govern, but the opposition on welfare spending he has had to make to keep party leader Hans-Dietrich Genscher in his cabinet has cost him support with the left and the unions.

However, neither Schmidt nor Genscher may have much say in shortening the life of the coalition. It will be the voters of Hesse in September who will decide the next steps. —PETER LEVINE in Bonn

Strauss, the chameleon was worried



Genscher and Schmidt squabbling



In 1802, Thomas Adams was a true craftsman.

Today, his inspiration is reflected in the remarkable smoothness of Adams Double Distilled Rye Whisky.





#### UNITED STATES

## The shuttle checks out

When the space shuttle Columbia roared off its launch pad at Cape Canaveral on June 21, NASA engineers fervently hoped that its final test flight would be trouble-free. Three earlier expeditions demonstrated that the ship is a technological marvel, but they were plagued by minor mechanical and communications hitches. Last week, however, monitoring Columbia's 26th orbit, over the equator, Mission Control experts in Houston, Tex., were disappointed in their hopes for an untroubled seven days in orbit.

Instead, 26th-4, as it is officially known, confronted NASA with a whole new set of problems. The first occurred only moments after launch, when the shuttle's two solid-rod booster rockets

Soyuz T-6 nonmilitary



plugged to the arena floor 340 km off the Florida coast. As inquiry went to investigate the loss of the reusable rockets, more than 200 million apertures, but early indications point to failure of the parachute system.

Once in orbit, a power shortage prevented astronauts Ken Mattingly and Henry Hartsfield from beginning experiments designed to measure the effect of microgravity on matters of oil and water, the and blazards and on the behavior of algae and fruit flies. Mattingly finally returned power by using a method "similar to hot-wiring," explained Flight Director Harold

#### Soviet and French cosmopolite deals

Drumhugh. Columbia's retractable cargo doors also caused anxiety when they refused to close, but were "barbaric" shut by banging them to the sun. Between avoiding malfunctions with equipment, Mattingly and Hartsfield conducted the first electrophoresis experiment, a prototype for an eventual pharmaceutical laboratory in space. They also performed the first secret military tests. The experiment involved an infrared telescope that detects missile shots on earth, a space sextant and an ultraviolet horizon sensor designed for future spy satellites. To maintain secrecy, the crew communicated directly with Air Force Control Center in Beerside, Calif.

The Columbus did not talk, however, to astronauts aboard Soyuz T, the arriving Soviet space station. With four Soviet cosmonauts and the first Frenchman in space conducting medical and atmospheric tests, the Soyuz's orbit never came closer than 9,800 km to

Columbia. And the Soviet-French union had returned safely before Columbia's flight was over. But, as Mattingly and Hartsfield prepared for their Soyuz touchdowns in California and a welcoming handshake from President Ronald Reagan, NASA officials worried confidence in the shuttle's future. Despite the wrinkles, and Flight Director Drumhugh, who had been "the most beautiful" voyage to date. Warning the unexpected, the long-delayed shuttle mission seemed ready to begin heading freight train space on a regular basis, starting this fall.

—MICHAEL HODGES in Washington

#### SWEDEN

## A bleak forecast for acid rain

The bickering, like the subject, was all too familiar. While Canadian Minister for Economic Development H.A. (Bud) Olson sparred with Swedish Deputy Prime Minister Hansson at last week's Stockholm conference on acid rain, European environmentalists, too, were expressing their frustration. Around the world, it seems, recession-ravaged governments are more interested in promoting industrial activity than in saving lakes. It was left to Quebec's flamboyant environment minister, Marcel Lévesque, to disclose that his province is investigating yet another possible solution to the problem.

Beginning next September, Lévesque headed Bennett's STOP-A-CELESTIAL BLOOM. This is addressing the acid rain problem. "We must put our own house in order before we can get others to take action." After that he confirmed what he termed Quebec's "miracle cure." The process is being developed by the provincial government's National Centre for the Environment (NCE), which recently acquired the Ashcroft Corporation. In a pilot study undertaken in co-operation with Noranda Mines Ltd., NCE has shown that sulphur dioxide, the principal culprit in acid rain, can be combined with sodium dust to produce magnesium sulphate, a byproduct useful as fertilizer. If the process shows promise, the Quebec company may foster a profitable industry based on smelterstack emissions, said Lévesque.

However, the Noranda firm, whose Hensar smelter in the mining town of Noranda is said to be responsible for half the domestically produced acid rain in Quebec, remains cautious. Director of Environmental Studies Frank Friedland, questioned by Montreal last week, would concede only that the "lab studies have been encouraging." Emotional capital and operating costs will determine whether or not the project is feasible.

The full extent of Europe's acid rain problem, as revealed in Stockholm, worried the North American delegates. Sweden, the host nation, has found that 78,000 of its 88,000 lakes are threatened by acidity washing from Europe's industrial giants—Britain, Poland, the Soviet Union and East and West Germany. Robert David of the European Sovereign Bureau accused Britain of "perpetrating major evil" in its air pollution policy. David also charged that British Environment Minister Michael Heseltine took a cavalier attitude toward the conference when he sent "an

extremely low-powered delegation." The meeting then heard evidence that Britain produces 20 per cent of all acid rain falling on Sweden—40,000 tonnes of sulphur dioxide blow across the North Sea every year.

The concerns closely echo Canada's complaints about the United States (Olsen, head of a 14-member federal delegation, repeated Ottawa's worries about the Reagan administration's proposed 10 per cent budget slashes to environmental programs). "We would like to bury the United States along in reaching solutions," he said. "We want a 50-per-cent cut in emissions now."

But Olsen failed to convey the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's Bennett that such drastic—and costly—emission control was necessary. In a press conference he charged that Canada's acid rain projections could not be "scientifically substantiated." But that brought a sharp response from a fellow American. Michael Oppenheimer of the U.S. Environmental Defense Fund angrily claimed that current slack U.S. environmental policy was being justified by outdated research.

Despite the rhetoric and sparse attendance by East European nations, the organizers said the conference did manage to focus European attention on the acid rain threat. At the same time, all members of the European Community, except Greece, agreed to sign the 1979 Geneva Convention on Transboundary Airborne Pollution, already ratified by both the United States and Canada. That was as far as the conference went, however, in leading Lévesque's putting warning: "We have to start putting the environment first when we talk about our priorities." Still, without tangible commitments from major polluting nations, Canada and Sweden can only expect more deadly showers.

—JARED MITCHELL, in Toronto, with Chris Murray in Stockholm

#### Noranda another pilot study proposed



#### BRITAIN

## The intrusive Falklands factor

The "Falklands factor" continued to cause political turmoil in Britain as well as in Argentina last week. In London the question of where to place the responsibility for Britain's failure to prevent the Argentine invasion—which earlier caused the resignation of Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and two junior ministers—boiled up in a venomous exchange between Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher and the man she named as Conservative leader in 1979 former prime minister Edward Heath.

The spark that reignited their long-standing feud was an announcement by Thatcher that she intends to ask an official inquiry into the Falklands affair to look at former governmental dealings with the islands. Heath responded angrily that Thatcher had failed to consult him over the proposal. Thatcher replied that it was necessary to reassess the government's handling of the Falklands crisis. He also mentioned previous governments but that did not appease Heath. Unless Thatcher gave a much more satisfactory explanation, he said later, "people will say it is nothing more than an attempt to distract attention from the period of my government."

The sudden storm in the British capital Terry government, still looking in the glow of Thatcher's military victory, was further evidence of the violence of the Falklands factor, which has also undermined the fragile unity of the opposition Labour Party. But while politics, the issue is also fierce. Thatcher's row with Heath turned an old feud into a new one. In the

leading Social Democratic Party party were delivering a humiliating blow to the pride of another player in the Falklands drama—the leadership mandate Dr. David Owen—by closing his opponent, veteran politician Roy Jenkins, to the top post.

Jenkins, a former Labour cabinet minister and European Commission president, had initially been expected to leave out the leadership. Indeed, his choice as leader was a vital element in the plans of the former SDP-Labour Party Alliance to "break the mould" of the traditional two-party domination of British politics. Liberal Leader David Steel had let it be known that Jenkins was the only SDP

figure he would gladly serve under in the heavy event of an Alliance majority in Parliament.

But surely had Jenkins taken his Commons seat when the Falklands crisis exploded, and Owen, chair of the SDP's founding "Gang of Four," bravely came to the occasion. As foreign secretary (aged only 38 on appointment) in the previous Labour administration of James Callaghan, Owen had, in 1977, quietly defused an earlier Falklands crisis by dispatching warships to the islands. And he reaped national publicity from the success in the Commons and on TV. Indeed, as the SDP's 45,000 members voted last week, an opinion poll gave the wartime medical doctor 47 per cent of the vote to Jenkins' 29 (12 per cent and "neither"). Among Alliance voters as a whole, including Liberals, the poll showed Owen's rating even higher—37 per cent in his rival's 33 per cent.

The prospect of an Owen win threw the Alliance into turmoil while he looks an Social Democrats and Liberals as a "natural, principled partnership," he dreams of a four-party, rather than three-party, system. In addition, none of Owen's campaign remarks were as targeted as a week to Liberal Leader David Steel. But Steel stayed diplomatically silent, saying only that he was confident the victor would work with the Liberals for the next election. That confidence was not misplaced. The size battle gave Jenkins 20,500 votes to Owen's 20,500—a clear victory.

However, after the voting the political mud still looked as unresolvable as ever—and firmly in the grip of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. It was, that is, unless the Falklands factor should again intrude—to reverse the current flow of support to her party.

—CAROL KENNEDY in London

#### Victor Jenkins and wife: a visit abroad





# THE GROWTH-EDGE



## Oil and Gas

PexCanadian  
Petroleum Limited

## Mines and Minerals

Cominco Ltd.  
Fording Coal Limited  
Steep Rock  
Iron Mines Limited

## Forest Products

GP Inc.  
Great Lakes Forest  
Products Limited  
Pacific Forest  
Products Limited  
Commandant Properties,  
Limited

## Iron and Steel

The Algoma Steel  
Corporation, Limited  
AMCA International  
Limited

## Real Estate

Marathon Realty  
Company Limited

## Agriproducts

Maple Leaf Mills Limited  
Baker Commodities, Inc.

Canadian Pacific  
Hotels Limited  
Canadian Pacific  
Enterprises (U.S.) Inc.

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## The fire in ERA's ashes



Fervent dance-dance in Philadelphia: desperate and often radical acts

**B**anger-waving supporters of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) rallied on the day of their defeat last week in Lafayette Park across from the White House. Despite the expected gloom of having fought and lost a 20-year struggle to win ratification of the constitutional amendment, there was a mood of ecstatic jubilation. Chanting the slogan "Never give up, never give in" and waving banners that read "WE WON TOO MUCH TOO LONG," the assembled women gave notice that although they had lost the battle, the war was still far from over. Sad Sherry Seneal, president of the National Organization for Women (NOW), which spearheaded the ERA drive: "We have just begun to fight."

Seneal's warning came on June 30, the deadline day for passage of the confederates amendment. "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex." Adopted by Congress in 1972, it needed ratification by 38 (three-quarters) of the 56 state legislatures. When the day of reckoning came, it was still three states short. However, ERA proponents, who will reintroduce the measure in Congress on July 31, are confident that

history will not repeat itself. Following a decade of disparate and often radical anti-chaining themselves to statue capitals, hunger strikes and throwing logs of blood at legislators—NOW supporters have coalesced into a powerful political juggernaut. Boasting a membership of more than 300,000, NOW has raised \$1.5 million per month since January in a series of direct mail, telephone and television appeals.

An estimated \$2 to \$4 million more will fill NOW coffers in November, when congressional ratification is scheduled. By comparison, the Democratic National Committee expects that it will raise only \$2.7 million this year. "This political drive was a 'dumb' short of astronomical," says Roger Craven, president of a leading direct-mail firm. "The ERA has gotten women involved in the political process in a way they've never been

involved before. They've learned how to raise money, use polls and run campaigns."

A measure of that feat was a major poll released last week just as the ERA was expiring. According to the survey, sponsored by *The New York Times* and CBS, American women are beginning to show a distinctly anti-Republican bias on a broad range of issues, but even more worrisome for the administration is the fact that, for the first time in history, women are turning out to vote in larger numbers than men.

This has not gone unnoticed at NOW, and last week, at a crowded news conference in the organization's headquarters on Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, Seneal threatened to request legislators who succeeded on the ERA passage. She also pledged to recruit and elect those who supported the constitutional amendment. Looking in on the Republican (who dropped ERA from their 1980 party platform), Seneal said if the party that "actually led the attack" against ERA in 1982 she was also critical of the Democrats. "Women's rights were not high on their agenda, and there was a significant defeat in their ranks."

Legislators are not the only villains that NOW will focus on. It will also hit the bank balances of major discriminatory corporations. Economic boycotts and legal suits are two ways in which NOW plans to harass businesses that either fund anti-ERA candidates or practice sex discrimination. Sad feminist lawyer Phyllis Schlafly: "We plan to take the profit and bait out of sexual discrimination case by case and law by law. It's expensive and not very glamorous, but by choosing cases carefully we'll have a great impact."

While NOW organizers planned their next ERA blitz, Washington's Phyllis Schlafly, the main architect of the stop-ERA campaign, basked in "Over the Rainbow" party celebrations of the amendment's defeat.

After hiring two bodyguards to protect herself from hostile ERAers, Schlafly settled into a party with as many as 1,000 people, including Moral Majority leader Jerry Falwell, gathered around toasting God Bless America. That while Schlafly despised that ERA is "dumb" now and forever in the century, pro-ERA factions across town had already begun the resurrection.

—James O'HARA  
in New York

ERA opponent Schlafly



## BRITAIN

### Derauling the labor unions

**T**he editors in *The Sunday Times* neatly summed up the situation: Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, dressed in paratrooper beret and combat jacket, was shown derauling in Churchillian style. "We shall fight as the phlegma, we shall fight down the pits and in the wards." But while the cabinet showed it had lost none of its Falklands nerve in successfully defying striking railmen and London subway workers last week, it still faced an arduous campaign on the industrial front. The two-day national rail strike crumbled, but a second rail stop, representing engine drivers, was due to start a strike days later, health service workers were continuing their guerrilla tactics, the miners were firing a warning barrage over pit closures and appeals for sympathy/effort action over a wide front threatened to turn these activities into something akin to a general strike.

Still, Thatcher would claim more than tactical victory after the National Union of Railwaymen (NUR) strike collapsed on Tuesday. The core of the dispute was a pay and productivity offer of five per cent by British Rail. The NUR, demanding 12 per cent, rejected the offer. But when the strike threat came, Transport Minister David Howell backed the tough stand of Rail Board Chairman Sir Peter Parker.

Howell made it clear that the government would sit out a rail shutdown for months, if necessary. It would still turn off the financial tap that daily pours more than \$4.4 million in subsidies into the system. For his part, Parker dispatched a letter to all 225,000 British rail staff. If they stayed out, he warned, they might not have a job to come back to. With three million unemployed, that was a powerful argument.

On London's vast 415-km subway network, where drivers share rail-union membership, the dispute was twofold—over pay and cost-saving cuts in services. The subway had been largely paralyzed for a week before the trains were due to stop June 28. An angry Howell declared that the coincidence of the two stoppages was politically motivated. Indeed, the swift outbreak of industrial hostilities so soon after stoppage workers and others had worked the clock during the Falklands crisis led many to assume that men born of the extreme left were determined to challenge the Tory government's 20-point lead in the opinion polls.

As the strike date neared, the capital's one million daily commuters pre-

**duMAURIER**  
For people with a taste for something better

pared for the worst shut-down since the 1986 General Strike, when population and traffic were at a fraction of their present levels.

By breakfast time a Royal Automobile Club spokesman said London was "locked in a grip of steel" as 400,000 vehicles, up to four times the normal volume, roared toward the city. Howell waited the few hundred metres to his Whitehall office—it was unclear then going by media-rail broadcast. One group of commuters showed a spirit of enterprise appropriate to a wartime nation by making up the Thomas in a bottle of yacht.

But from the beginning it was clear that both British Rail and the government had severely miscalculated the odds. The General Secretary Sidney Wignall had appealed for "massive" support for the strike. But the roads and the sea showed its detente for the prospect of paying mortgages and household bills at a strike pay of \$11.50 a week (drivers earn about \$300 a week and signalled up to \$400). Outside London they missed picket lines to produce an erratic but viable town service. Embarrassingly, Plymouth, where the sea was meeting in conference to ratify the strike decision, was not seen where a large number of rebels clocked in.



British Rail Chairman Parker, one in four workers defied the strike call

Although British Rail estimated that about one in four rail workers defied the strike call. When it came to a decision, the 100's self-styled "parliament" voted 47 to 30 in favor of calling off the strike. On neither the rail nor the London subway, however, was the peace likely to hold. The strikers agreed to arbitration but promised to show its muscle again if it failed to deliver. The subway dispute was mounting, and by word and deed, despite London Transport's agreement to a month's working-off period, trains were reverting to the old timetable.

Elsewhere health service workers, in-

cluding nurses, prepared for a three-day shut-down of all but emergency services starting July 15. Hospitals had had a taste of that during a one-day strike on June 30, as did one union official, Bob Quick, who discovered his vaccination was among numerous nonurgent operations delayed at Royal Liverpool teaching hospital.

For its part, the Trades Union Congress gave its official blessing to sympathetic strikers alongside the health workers. Some, including pit workers by miners, had already been re-hired and could soon involve half of Britain's 15-million trade unionists. And, just as weary commuters thought things were getting back to normal, the drivers' union, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, declared that its members would walk out on midnight Sunday against British Rail's decision to impose a flexible shift system after months of time-wasting negotiations.

Rail Board Chairman Parker quickly turned the threat "sudden, severe and selfish." It could prove to be suicidal, he declared. For the union, as well as for Thatcher, the message was clear: victory on the industrial front could be costly to achieve as those in the Midlands. —Chris Kenyon in London



Strikebound London: In a steel grip

## BUSINESS

# A brewing invasion in Steeltown

By Sheila McKay

When the Netherlands' Princess Margaret and her husband, Peter van Voorthuysen, attended a ribbon-cutting ceremony in Hamilton, Ont., this spring, the ceremonial champagne was replaced by a bottle of lager. Anstel Brewery Canada, a firm belonging to Holland's Heineken group of companies, was officially on tap. But whether the beer that flows to be "the Canadian lager with the Dutch touch" will be around for long is far from certain.

Anstel is up against potent odds. Canada's three big brewers, Carling O'Keefe Ltd., John Labatt Ltd. and the Molson Co. Ltd. have locked up nearly 95 per cent of the country's market while managing to keep the consumption of imported beers down to a meagre one per cent. As well, Anstel is entering the Canadian brewing business at a particularly inopportune time. Beer's share of the alcoholic beverage market has dropped from 65 per cent in 1980 to 58 per cent. Contrary to the McKenna brothers' image, more and more Canadians are eschewing the beer parlor for wine bars.

In an effort to maintain their sales, the brewing giants have increased their advertising budgets to an average of \$25 million yearly. Now, if Anstel has any doubts about the difficulties it faces, it only has to look to its recently re-furbished premises—the previous home of Heineken Brewery Distillers Ltd. Last summer, after an unsuccessful eight-year attempt to explore a corner of the Canadian market, Heineken's efforts finally went flat and the company moved out. In such a climate there is little cause for hope. "Anstel has a long way to go before it is a successful contender," says Alex Dugg, vice-president for public affairs at Molson's.

Still, Anstel is preparing to meet the Canadian challenge. At a cost of \$5 million, the old Heineken plant has been quadrupled in capacity—more than enough to meet Anstel's targeted mar-



Backstage, the future of the Canadian brewery is far from certain

ket. Toasted at a press-conference-brewed domestic lager lying somewhere between the down-home appeal of Molson's Export and the exotic clout of a Löwenbräu, Anstel is intent to fill a demand not currently met by domestic brewers.

## Imported brews may be preparing a move on the U.S. market, and that could be the motive for setting up in Canada

"We are doing something different," says Heinz Buchbauer, president of Anstel Canada, "and we have the ambition, the resources and the patience to grow." Dutch know-how was already in evidence last November when Anstel brought out a beer called Hamilton Mountain as a local promotion ploy. Quantity that was expected to last for months disappeared in four days. Canadian beer watchers are taking particular notice of Anstel because of the connection with brewing heavyweight Heineken. Heineken is, by far, the strongest international brewer in the world," says Greater F.W. Thelen, a

former president of Heineken Canada and now a private consultant for the brewing industry. Adds Alex McCafferty, senior analyst at Dominion Securities Area Ltd. "My opinion of Anstel is very high. The company is truly to establish a beachhead very quickly in Ontario."

Launching pad might be the better term. Although resistant to reversal strategy, Buchbauer admits that Anstel moved to Canada intent on expansion. Prevented by law from distributing Ontario-brewed beer in most provinces, "Anstel will probably have to consider more beverages across the country," he says. Canada wide, there are still unanswered questions about Anstel's intentions for the American market. "I think the move to the east

has more to do with the U.S. market," says Thelen. "The imported beer market is thriving there." About four per cent of the U.S. beer market belongs to foreign brews, and the import share is rising. "It makes no sense to try and chase the big boys in Canada," says Robert Shanker of Management Resources Group in Toronto, "when the best hope is in the huge U.S. market where Americans will pay a premium for an imported tag."

As a result, as part of its agreement with Canada's Foreign Investment Review Agency, Anstel will export 25 per cent of its total volume to the United States in the second year of production and after.

"This is only the beginning," says Greater Thelen. "I feel it's the first step towards leaving Hamilton in Canada specifically with the United States in mind." Heineken has captured more than 40 per cent of foreign beer sales in the United States, and, by producing in Canada for U.S. export, the Dutch will be able to maintain their prestigious import label while cutting transportation costs drastically. And that means that the "Dutch touch" may eventually become a full-fledged punch.

With Gordon McIntosh in Toronto

**E**x-Vogel star Robert Ulrich as a singer has any illusions about the showy Hollywood hype. "Every day on Sunset Boulevard they take down one huge poster and put up another," he says. "It's one new star and one who will be quickly forgotten." The 30-year-old actor has been hit but forgotten himself since his Thunderbird-driving private-eye character Dan Tanna disappeared two years ago. Vogel was a victim of too much violence, too many car crashes and poor writing, Ulrich says. "I didn't mind that the series was going off the air. As David James once said, 'Making a tv series is like making love to a girl—yes keep going until it wants to stop.'" This fall Ulrich will reappear in yet another sex-related show, *Gambin*, in which he plays an ex-con agent who he seduces in "filthy." "I want a woman," Ulrich says flatly, although he is quick to point out that his wife, Heather Menzies, and their two children are the most rewarding part of his life. To avoid raising "typical Hollywood brats," he takes the family away as often as possible to a wooded retreat in Pardon, Ore., where he summered as a child. The hideaway has three levels and 10 rooms in the main house—not exactly a cottage. But Ulrich's softest, speediest and skin-diving gear seem rustic enough when compared to life in Beverly Hills. "I never have to change out of my jeans when I'm here," he boasts. "Bob Ulrich is a real guy." Ironically enough, he has just finished work on his first feature film, *Endangered Species*.

**E**xpanding waitlines and roving hairlines may be a reality for many of today's rock stars. Yet **THIS SPOON**, an electro-pop quartet from Burlington, Ont., is succeeding despite its youth. With an average age of 19, the group already has a growing list of achievements. First, it removed critical acclaim for its debut album, *She's From My Neighborhood*, last year and then, music aside, was the first newsworthy press at the E-Now Awards. With a single, *Now It's Not*, rising at the charts, all that was missing was a long-term recording contract with a major label. Last month the band closed with a 16, 50, perhaps it is understandable that guitarist **Scott Duggan** is tired of the fans about age. But the group's manager, **Casey Pavia**, is no *Madonna* with *Wanna Be*. admits it has posed a challenge. To allow keyboard player **Rob Pavia**, 16, to perform legally with the rest of the band he became born, for insurance, his parents had to sign "guardian consent" forms and, earlier this year, the band had to turn down a tour with British pop group **Onyx** and **Manic Street Preachers**.



Ulrich and wife, Heather Menzies, *supper* in Pardon, Ore.

**Dark**, because of conflict with high school exams. But youth has its advantages. Says Duggan: "We've been able to grow up with our music."

**A**lthough he looks like the proverbial ball, ex-football player **Vic Chapman** is sure that he has his new job in the chess shop—assistant press secretary to **Queen Elizabeth II**—under control. During his 14 years in Ottawa, first as **Pierre Trudeau's** assistant and then as a frustated media liaison officer specializing in royal tours, Chapman impressed the Queen so much that she decided to interview him for the opening. Last month the former cricketer and receiver was invited to the palace and offered the position "in an advisory with Her Majesty" after a grueling trial period, which included accompanying

Chapman: a lot to learn



the Prince and Princess of Wales to the hospital and **flunking** **Charles** when he emerged after son **William's** birth to greet the carriage of well-wishers. "There is a lot of protocol to learn," says Chapman, but obviously he acquired himself admirably. "It's all common sense and courtesy." About his new duties, commencing in September, the burly 30-year-old has only one reservation: "I'll grant you the job will not be made any easier by the British press," he admits. Ten years of dodging **Britishers** should come in handy.

**Jack McArthur's** sharp tongue and right-wing wit got him thrown out of Ottawa years ago by then **Mayor** **Graham** **Watson**. But, after nearly a decade of wandering, the 44-year-old pianist-pundit and self-styled "law-and-order freak" says he found his "place in life" on the

**Pennan** **Club**. For the past seven months McArthur was playing in the **Archie** at the **Debut** **Hyatt** **Regency** **Hotel**, where "everything is a matter of honor" and "the severity of the law fits the crime," according to McArthur. Though he had to share his per-

sonic (**Pierre**, **Trudeau**, welfare recipients and the economy), he managed to detour his taking shots at his in-laws. "They can relate to that," he says. Now back riding **Murder** with army marches to a Vancouver note, McArthur says his Canadian future is uncertain, along with the fortunes of conservative politics. "Here's some relevant music from 1988," he tells his mid-20s audience. "They are songs you'll all be singing soon." In spite of his leanings, McArthur claims, "I get more Liberals and scores in here than Conservatives"—which annoys him. For "Conservatives by nature are tight as hell."

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## Drawing the line on cocaine abuse

By Hal Quinn

The TV cameras focusing on players in the National Football League and the Canadian Football League these days looking much too tired—those they can hardly summon the effort to reach the sidelines. Once there, some players relax on the bench, others cannot sit still, their legs pumping furiously. Watching these telltale signs on tv, Dr. Walter Riker, the

mented. Until recently, alcohol, marijuana, anabolic steroids and amphetamines have been the most favored substances. A former all-star in the CFL who played with the Toronto Argonauts told Madden's last week that he could never have obtained a scholarship, made All-American or made it big in the CFL if he had not used steroids. Players in both leagues talk of cocaine jags or amphetamine available before games and of drugged ballerinas trying

can be duplicated by using cocaine. "Sooner or later football becomes an opponent to drugs," Riker said. "It simply gets in the way. It's [football] played simply to pay for your habit."

The practice of free-basing is an extravagant way to use an already expensive drug (usually about \$300 per gram). Heavy users spend thousands of dollars a week, many end in financial ruin, co-incident with impaired performance that hanks their career and source of



Rogers (above) and in action; Reese in court: a \$10,000-a-year habit threatens the integrity of the game

medical consultant to the NFL, says he is able to identify the players who use cocaine.

The use of the drug has become one of the hottest topics in professional football. Last month Don Reese, 30, who played for three NFL teams, revealed his addiction to coke in an article in *Sports Illustrated*. His disclosures about how he and other players regularly snuff "snow" highlighted a chain reaction of related events. Mike Strahan, a former running back with the New Orleans Saints, was indicted for a second time last week by a U.S. grand jury on 12 counts of conspiracy and sale of cocaine. And James were told that George Rogers, winner of the 1980 Heisman Trophy (awarded to the top U.S. college player) spent more than \$10,000 last year on coke. NFL officials characterized the drug as a threat to the integrity of the game, and former CFL players have publicly denounced its use in the Canadian league.

Certainly drug use in professional and amateur sport has been well docu-

ing to keep over 10 years who were standing up. But the drug of the '80s is coke, the method of ingestion free-basing and drug use no longer recreational.

Scenes close to the NFL have reported that at least five teams have serious cocaine problems, each team having as many as six players with "chemical dependencies" on the drug. Free-basing, heating the powdery substance to render it 100-per-cent pure, dramatically heightens the drug's effect.

Cocaine interferes with transmission of signals in the brain and causes a sharp increase in heartbeat and blood pressure, giving the user an "emotional rush." The lethargy of withdrawal often causes anxiety and depression, preventing the desire for more of the drug to counteract withdrawal. Five-time NFL All-Pro defensive end Carl Eller, who has admitted that addiction ended his career, told *The New York Times* last week that the high many players experience while playing

income. Pro sport officials fear that the combination is an open invitation to those of two kinds.

The coke problem in the CFL is not as dramatic as that in the NFL, but Tyson Gray of the CFL's Leafs estimates that 20 per cent of CFL players use marijuana or coke. Former Toronto Argonauts Terry McCall think half of the CFL players smoke grass and just slightly less use coke, while others point to alcoholism as the main problem. A number of CFL players have strongly endorsed the urgent need for the league to study drug and alcohol abuse. The commissioner's office has yet to agree.

As public, newsmen and league as the recent revelations about drug use in pro sport have been, they merely reflect the habits of North American society at large. As Doug Knuth of the Detroit Lions said last week, "Football players aren't the only ones taking drugs. Any time you go to a party these days there's always a long line for the washroom. It's remarkable how many people want to powder their noses." ☐

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## Exiles awaiting compatriots



Shark escaping from a sand trap: 'We are going to see some real surprises'

**W**ith precision and fluidity that would make any Sunday golfer weep, Cathy Sherr drives ball after ball into the heart of an ornamental fairway. They are, drop and roll to a spot preordained by a struggling athlete. But the accuracy does not satisfy Cathy Sherr. "I'm just not hitting the ball," she says. Only in golf, it seems, can such perfection be defined, and only in extreme competition can such apparent mastery be shed best. Such a competition is the Ladies Professional Golf Association tour.

Founded in 1950, the LPGA struggled for years just to stay alive in a male-dominated field. But since the mid-1950s the tour has evolved rapidly, showing a 440-per-cent increase in prize money, a mixmaster of 12 weekends on television, up from two some years ago, and an average purse increase of more than \$20,000 to \$148,000. Last week's

three young Canadian golfers, two of whom are women. And in this year's U.S. National Collegiate Athletic Association championships, Mary Ann Haywood of Montreal tied for third, representing Florida International University. At sports-trad Florida State University, three of the four-member women's NCAA golf team are Canadians—Michelle Gauthier of Montreal, Lisa Young of Prince George, B.C., and Barbara Bankowski of Burlington, Ont.

The secretary of women's golf and the assistant of school basketball, the virtually glibly confident and to the tune for Canadian women in contrast to the professionalists "they play in tournaments every week under excellent coaching, and when they come out of college, they're competition tough," says Short, whose textbook-perfect swing and "everything's-the-same" attitude had won her only \$98,075 this season, compared to LPGA leader Jo Anne Carner's \$148,588. "I think that in the next five years we'll see eight or 10 Canadian women on the tour [if] I'll be great because I won't have to constantly explain why there's no one out here but Sandra and I," she says.

The prestige, riches and glamour that may be croning many of the hopefuls now are viewed somewhat differently by four veterans. Sandra Post of Ocala, Fla., who currently plays out of Florida, knows how marginal the game's fortunes can be. The winner of eight tournaments and more than \$700,000 since 1968, Post is off to her worst start in 10 years. "I bet over 5,000 balls last week," she said ruefully at the Peter Jackson "Clut" look at my hands." The only other Canadian woman to win on the LPGA tour, Jocelyne Simonsen (one victory before retiring because of a knee injury in 1979), spends a life on the tour to "make" Now the director of

Peter Jackson Clinic in Toronto, with \$200,000 in prize money attracting 23 of the top 25 money leaders, typified the LPGA's progress. Canadians on the tour, Sheri and Sandra Post, are having their problems this season, but the future for Canadian women's golf has never been brighter.

When Clark was turning up coarsely as a 27-year-old in 1967, what lay before the Port Colborne, Ont., native as a Canadian was a couple of tournaments a year and garnish of Marlene Stewart Street, the living legend of this nation's amateur golf. "I looked for scholarships, but there just weren't any," Sherrill said last week. "If you weren't an American with a two handicap, then you just forgot it. There were only three U.S. schools with women's golf programs anyway." In contrast, last week the Canadian Golf Foundation granted three \$20,000 academic scholarships to

## LIVING

## Yanks go the whole hog

The full-color centerpiece features Jude Law, a tender young thing, provocatively exposing his

asked eggplants—all six of them. Julie also has a cute pink snout and hooves. The straggly eight-week-old piglet in the spring "Lettermate" is Pinyon, a five-year-old Canadian quarter for hog farmers that has now punned and hammed its way into the hearts of many urban Americans. Explains one enthusiast, Jane Stearns: "We used to ranch in California before Reagan brought us to Washington. Pinyon is a reminder of home and, besides, it's a lot of fun."

A source of serious information is



well as considerable agreement for Canadian farmers, the sick magazine from Guelph, Ont., began attracting American attention at a pork congress in Kansas two years ago. Last month *The Washington Post*, more accustomed to rooting out pork barrels and squealers, decided to examine the perplexing popularity of a magazine that, according to its managing editor, Gusty Jordan, "usually blands information for swine breeders with a parody of Plaford."

Since the Post feature story, titled "Days of Sin and Roses," was picked up by The Boston Globe and Los Angeles Times, Jordan says he has been wallowing in requests for radio and television interviews. And a recent Detroit Free Press feature story added more than 100 new Michigan subscribers to their already booming circulation of 30,000.

Trudy, the tough runner over Jordan, a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, has a ready explanation for Playdon's cult appeal: "I think people find it comforting to know that the

pigs are still rooting around out there and that farmers with a sense of humor are taking care of them."

But not everyone in Canada appreciates the humor of "Wiley's Believe It Or Kne," or the Ham Landers' column. "Some Canadian advertisers are rather snooty in their attitude," admits Jacob

who runs serious ads for swim women and pig pregnancy detectors along with spoof promotions of Blazel No. 5 pork-farms and coloken. "The pressure is on to move to the States. The situation there is really growing much faster than in Canada."

For now, however, the staff at Pignatelli Productions Ltd continues to bring home the bacon. Even so, they are content to know that their paralysing speed may be the only Canadian periodical resting on the status coffee tables of Washington and San Francisco.

—JON COOPER.



# A challenge to controlled drinking

By Pat Ollendard

Ever since British researcher D.L. Pendergast reported in the early 1970s that some alcoholics who break their addiction can eventually become controlled moderate drinkers, the possibility that moderate drinking, the post-surgery addict, the person who has engaged hope in alcoholism and sometimes alike. Then, when the first clinical study of controlled drinking was published in 1972, it was hailed as a landmark. Psychologists Mark and Linda Sobell, then at the Patton State Hospital in San Bernardino County, Calif., reported that the 20 alcoholics who had trained in techniques of controlled drinking were more successful than a similar group who had pursued the traditional goal of complete abstinence. An independent follow-up study by Glenn Gaddy of Nova University in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., three years after the patients' treatment, supported the Sobells' claim. Now, another well-known psychologist is challenging their results: Mary Pendergast of the Veterans' Administration Hospital in San Diego, Calif., claims that the Sobells' 20 controlled drinkers—contrary to what the Sobells had reported—fared very poorly during the three-year period.

That is not all Pendergast says: she claims that controlled drinking is actually dangerous for former alcoholics. "Anyone who would admit a gamma [physically dependent] alcoholic to continue drinking could be accused of malpractice," she declares. Pendergast, along with southern Irvine Malins and Alyson West, reached these conclusions by painstaking detective work going back over Patton Hospital records, tracking down 18 of the 20 patients and interviewing them, along with their families and friends. They also checked other official records from hospitals and police files. Pendergast says that she found that four of them had died from alcohol-related problems, and six have become totally abstinent. Only one can be described as a successful controlled drinker, although Pendergast claims hospital records show that he, unlike the others, was not physically dependent on alcohol. The others have

varying degrees of difficulty with alcohol.

The challenger, however, is not without her critics. They claim that her study fails to compare the outcomes of the experimental group to that of the control (abstinent) group. Says sociologist David Armor, author of the 1976 and coauthor of the 1980 *Road Reports*, nationwide surveys of alcoholism in the United States. "To judge an experimental treatment without comparison to the control group is misleading," because it is impossible to know whether the abstinence or the controlled drinking fared better.

hills and Gaddy on the one hand and by Pendergast and her colleagues on the other, simply do not match. The discrepancy probably cannot be ascribed to lapses in the memories of the alcoholic patients, for Pendergast published only statements by alcoholics that were substantiated by friends and relatives or by official documentation.

Although the July 9 issue of the *Journal of Science*, which carries Pendergast's findings, avoids the word "broad," although Pendergast is careful not to use it in her own writing, she says, "Did the Sobells do what they said they did, and did they find



Linda Sobell (far left) behind Patton's cocktail bar for alcoholics in 1970s restoration vs. abstinence

Pendergast admits difficulty in locating all 20 members of the control group. She is still unconvinced by, although she does not deny, the fact that the world-wide success of a moderate drinker is not part of his mind," she contends. "If this [the original Sobell study] is a description, it's the most realistic description that could possibly be designed for the mind of a gamma alcoholic."

Several weeks ago, when Mark and Linda Sobell learned "through the network," as their Washington lawyer, Edgar Brennan, puts it, of the Pendergast paper, they reacted swiftly. They asked their current employer—the internationally respected Addiction Research Foundation (ARF) in Toronto, Ontario's provincial agency for drug and alcohol research—to appoint an external review commission to study their records from Patton Hospital and to judge their work. And after becoming disenchanted

with the media, they refused to talk with reporters, directing all media calls to Bremer ARF President Jean MacShane refused to "prejudge the review committee" by making a statement about the study under attack. But she said that a major factor in the ARF's decision to bring the Sobells on staff in 1980 was "the evidence of their work rather than the subject [controlled drinking]. Their very extensive follow-up procedures and documentation are impressive—and were even more impressive 20 years ago," adds Bremer. "The Sobells are confident that, on the basis of the impartial investigation, the integrity of their research will be completely vindicated." The results of the review are expected in the fall.

Meanwhile, Pendergast is equally confident of her own documentation. If asked by the review committee to turn over her records, she would be more than happy to do so, she says, "just as I did to the editors at *Science* magazine," which, she adds, scrutinized her data extremely carefully before deciding to publish the paper.

To some scientists there is a danger that the two important questions raised by the Pendergast study might become confused. "There's the question of the veracity of the Sobells' work and there's the quite separate question of the existence of controlled drinking for gamma alcoholics," says psychologist Martha Sanchez-Craig, whose current study at the ARF deals with the use of controlled drinking techniques with "early-stage drinkers," people whose drinking is just beginning to interfere with their lives and who want to drink without problems. Although early-stage drinkers are a very different group than gamma alcoholics, Sanchez-Craig worries that "even if the Sobells could be the best case possible for their scientific integrity, people won't listen. There are many former alcoholics in influential positions in the alcohol field, particularly in the United States, who have been helped by Alcoholics Anonymous, which advocates total abstinence. This may have negative repercussions because funding for research may dry up." And to Armor, since most alcoholics, if treated well, inevitably become, have a high failure rate, it is important to continue researching all alternatives.

"It's incredible that the fate of thousands should be decided on the basis of the experiences of 20 people." With the controlled-drinking scandal now in the open, one thing seems certain. Although it will be difficult to unravel whose research findings represent the truth, the fate of the alcoholic patients will be known much sooner than the fate of alcoholics whose lives have been affected by the hope that they might become moderate drinkers. □

Carlos Vazquez. Seven years old, he has no protection from the sun. Family will suffer from colds. Elderly child could walk, could on \$20 a month. Come hope for improvement.

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# Troubled signals from an ailing public TV

By Michael Posner

For most people the only good thing about television's annual rite of summer reruns is the opportunity they offered to catch up on the past season's best shows. Many of these appear on both sides of the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) which, since 1969, has been a small name in the vast wasteland of commercial television winning the fierce loyalty of Canadian viewers and subscribers. Few will be pleased to learn of the trouble that public broadcasting in the United States is now facing. A few weeks ago the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), a private, nonprofit corporation that channels federal funds to public broadcasters, reluctantly issued pink slips to 34 employees. The firing, affecting some 50 per cent of the total staff, was only the latest evidence of the gathering crisis confronting the institution. Squeezed by inflation and declining federal budget allocations, and afflicted with poor ratings, audience fragmentation and increasing competition from commercial and noncommercial challenges, the public broadcasting system is struggling not only to regain its once proud identity, but for its very survival.

Federal aid has never constituted more than 30 per cent of public broadcasting's total revenues. However, as CPB President Edward Piller told a Senate panel last winter, "Federal support is the cornerstone of public broadcasting's financial foundation." Washington's current penny-pinching mood will inevitably cut into state and local governments equally parsimonious. And corporate donors, who now fund programs added to matching federal grants, must soon choose between footing some of the bill or going out. Many firms, run fears, will take the latter course.

Anyone who doubts the Reagan administration's glacial to which wing at the executive role of government need only glance at recent budget authorizations for CPB. From a high-water mark of \$175 million in 1969, projections for CPB funding chart a dramatic downhill run—to \$151 million in '80 and \$130 million in '84, '85 and '86. And warns Piller, "We shall have to fight to hold these levels."

Even at those levels, it will be diffi-

cult for National Public Radio's 267-member stations and the Public Broadcasting Service's 300 licensed television stations to maintain current standards. The average community service grant for TV will drop 38 per cent, from almost \$350,000 to \$225,000, by 1984 (radio will suffer even more, almost a 40-per-cent decline). Staff, programs and, ultimately, such basic services as distribution could all be in jeopardy.

The revenue gap is aggravated by three other factors—by inflation, which

**With such ratings as five per cent of the viewers, skeptics ask whether government funding is justifiable**

erodes the purchasing power of future appropriations; by budget cuts for other federal endeavours, which have recently funnelled funds to broadcasting; and by the continuing animus of the Reagan administration toward federal aid for public radio and television. If the White House has its way, Congress would mark only \$40 million as the 1985 authorization. Indeed, even that figure

represents a significant across-the-board by the president. A Reagan transition team originally recommended that the CPB simply be abolished and that federal subsidies for public broadcasting be ended.

At the same time, a confused and volatile budget process in Congress threatens to weaken havoc on the CPB's long-term funding plans. For the past six years, Congress has removed federal funds to the corporation two years in advance. This scheme has the dual virtue of allowing CPB to pay for programs already commissioned and to do so free of political interference or fear of budgetary reprisal. But what does advance funding mean when the White House keeps coming back to Congress and asking for budget cuts even deeper than those already legislated? CPB loyalists say it threatens both the independence of public broadcasters and their ability to plan future programming. As Frank Mundwin, president of National Public Radio, once characterized the political threat: "I didn't like what I heard on the radio last night...and we're about to start to consider your appropriation for the year that begins next week."

The financial squeeze is accompanied by technological and industry developments no less inimical to public broadcasting's future. Cable makes in the United States will give an increasing number of Americans access to alternative programming; ABC and CBS are now setting up pay-TV networks that will compete with public stations at what they do best: special events in theatre, dance and music. The arrival of all-news, all-sports, all-culture and all-kids programming will fragment an audience



Helen Morse in 'A Town Like Alice,' a 'Masterpiece Theatre' presentation on PBS, Don Sorensen at Seattle's KCTS



already unbearably small by commercial standards; the average PBS show seldom grabs even five per cent of the viewing public. With such meagre ratings, skeptics ask whether government funding at any level is really justifiable.

Sometimes criticized for its heavy reliance on film productions, the corporation is faced with the imminent loss of proven revenue earners such as some episodes of *Masterpiece Theatre*. A new cable system, KCTS, has bought exclusive rights to ABC programming. Even the commercial networks have had a hand in eroding PBS's share market share, by adding more public affairs and documentary programs. With the impending explosion of sales of videocassettes and videotapes, CPB spokesman Tom Owell calls this "a time of testing" for the industry.

The test may be especially tough on CPB's nine northern border stations, all of which count Canadian support as vital. As new cable and satellite-delivered systems vie for Canada's attention, these border stations are likely to receive declining contributions. For now, CPB boasts some 107,000 Canadian members whose annual donations exceed \$4 million. One member, Buffalo's WROC, derives fully half its annual membership revenues from Toronto-area viewers. Another station, Spokane, Washington's KSTX, so values its Canadian base that it will be adding O-Canada to its daily sign-on, sign-off identification. Don Russell, director of development for KSTX in Seattle, says bluntly, "Without B.C. support, there would be no KSTX in Seattle."

While ad-revenues and budgets shrink,

CPB and its allies have hardly been idle. Indeed, a near desperate search for new fundraising methods and new members is under way. Seattle's KCTS, for example, opened an office at Vancouver's Simon Fraser University last year. Its mandate: develop Canadian programming to keep its 44,000 B.C. members loyal. The Spokane affiliate has retained an ad-copywriter to pitch Alberta businesses for donation dollars. Such efforts are no doubt fuelled by the CPB's March deadline to distribute \$5 million in incentive grants to help stations attract new subscribers. Meanwhile, a panel to investigate alternative financing chaired by a Federal Communications Commission member, has launched a controversial experiment, an 18-month-long demonstration of cluster advertising. Currently grouped before and after a program, these two-minute commercial spots also feature such blue-chip (national chain) clients as oil companies. Still, nearly everyone abhors the notion that public broadcasting in the United States can survive only by dint of commercial aid, as revenues

CPB's Piller insists that it is as dangerous to tamper with the ideals that inspired the birth of public television programming as of a kind and quality unavailable anywhere else. "Advertising is not the

answer," he maintains. "Not now. Probably not in the future. Is it our role to get out of our spots on the spine of the catwalk?" I think not.

Whatever the results of the cluster trial, Piller seems unwilling to compromise his character. How, then, will public broadcasting survive? The National Association of Broadcasters—official voice of the commercial network—has proposed five options to Congress last month: two different tax-code changes, a national fund-raising effort, restoration of "adequate federal funding" and the encouragement of major network affiliate commercial stations to run appeals for donations and subscribers.

As the wrangling continues, Piller officials take heart from the fact that cable penetration is still far below 50 per cent in the United States. And, since cable users must pay for specialized programming, Owell predicts "There will always be a place for public broadcasting." How big a place remains to be seen. Barring a sudden turn-around in fortunes, the odds are that public radio and television will be confined to a diminishing spectrum of the air waves, their 33 years of quality programming remembered as a brief experiment that failed.

'Rampage of the Biker,' a 'Masterpiece Theatre' presentation on PBS



Piller: pink slips





# Toronto newspaper woes

By Ian Austin

Last year A. Roy McFarley was the darling of Canadian newspaper publishers. Page 1 of his newspaper, the Toronto-based Globe and Mail, was deluged with letters about its new satellite printing operations, expanded special sections and two bureau openings. But when 200 Globe employees summoned McFarley to an impromptu meeting in the paper's cafeteria last week, it was not to laud his efforts. Instead, McFarley had to stand trying to justify the sacking of 30 Globe jobs to the audience and frequently hostile crowd circling around him.

Although the fringe—which were the first mass newspaper layoffs in recent years that did not result from a closing—were a shock, they came in the midst of a series of cutbacks at Toronto's three daily newspapers. Space, features, overtime and expenses have been pined as the city's press houses attempt to make ends meet. But the journalists at the Globe, the Toronto Star and the Toronto Sun claim the cuts will undermine their ability to serve readers.

Not surprisingly, McFarley points to the country's ailing economy as the source of his paper's current woes. Lustrous revenue advertising—which used to fuel the paper's Report as Business section—has been rapidly declining. This alone, McFarley says, represents a \$14-million reduction in the Globe's income. Although the advertising revenues have slumped, the Globe still makes money. But the paper's executives refused to divulge the figures, explaining that profits are lumped in with all the other earnings of its owner, Thomson Newspapers Ltd. Nevertheless, McFarley says the 15-division savings from the job cuts are necessary if the Globe is to remain "viable." If your wages had been cut like profits have been cut, you wouldn't be eating tonight," he told the cafeteria crowd, some of whom shook their heads in disbelief.

Rather than keeping the paper afloat, the staff prangings could eventually hurt the paper. A copy editor and executive member of the Southern Ontario Newspaper Guild's Globe unit, Paul Kinn, says the planned layoffs of 15 editorial employees will likely mean a decline in quality. Charges Knox: "It's like the

son's doing three days of the week because it isn't making enough money."

Some other newspapers may be picking up the Globe's lead. The two-weekly *Montreal News*—which is controlled by the Star's parent company, Toronto Corp.—plans to fire five of its 20 editorial employees this week. While they are not offering any promises for the future, senior management at the Star and the Toronto Sun said last week that they do not have any immediate plans to cut staff. Even so, readers are beginning to see some results of corporate penny-pinching. Late last month the Star reduced the space devoted to stories by 1½ pages a day, as well as removing a number of special features and columns—among them, a

superficial. They note that budgets for stories that are in process have been slashed. Travel, too, has been curtailed. Says Peter Farthington, the Star's editor-in-chief: "An out-of-town trip now means going to Ottawa." The Star's Lustrous recently axed one of its proposed story series because it would involve a trip to Italy.

The end result could be a summer of news discontent at Toronto's newspapers, which have not had a strike since 1984. Already Globe staff members have spotted red sun bands in protest and picketed Thomson's headquarters in the city's financial district. Clearly, the outcome does not bode well for the sporting contract negotiations with the guild at the Star and Globe. Recent salary increases at other newspapers—40 per cent over three years at Montreal's *Gazette* and 32 per cent over two years at both Vancouver's *Province* and Sun—



The Globe's McFarley on the firing line. Staff, features, overtime and expenses piled

costly product-testing, column. The squeeze will become even tighter at the end of the month when the Globe and the Star further shrink their page size to cut newspaper costs. Ironically, the Star's executive managing editor, Gary Lowman, says the changes must benefit readers. "It tends to tend to tighter editing, shorter stories. Sometimes you can get rid of news space is endless."

While they are not mourning the loss of the Star's column on elections, for example, many journalists at the Star and the Globe complain that good stories are consistently ignored or handled

reduce the chances that Globe employees will settle for the federal government's suggested six per cent. Says John Spence, guild unit chairman at the Star, about the existing contract: "For the past couple of years we've been on the two-per-cent regime and it hasn't worked neither to the present yet."

When McFarley, a former vice-president of Toronto, arrived at the Globe in 1978, his enthusiasm for the paper and respect for its traditions soon allayed the staff's suspicions. The current reductions and hints of more to come have resurrected the old fears. ☐



The Suncor plant at Fort McMurray, Alta. (left), workers cleaning up oil spill from the plant's water. Top: Fishing fish

## ENVIRONMENT

# The poisoning of the Athabasca River

By Gordon Leggo

It was in March that Kenie Girard, a 22-year-old Port Chipewyan, Alta., fisherman, started receiving complaints from local customers that his fish tasted of gasoline. At first he thought he had spoiled fish on his sleigh. But after a thorough cleaning, the smell and taste persisted. "Have you ever smelled a mouthful of gasoline?" asks Girard. "That's what our fish taste like." Girard took his catch to the provincial authorities for testing. To date, the cause of the foul-tasting fish has not been officially confirmed. But, after a two-month investigation, the provincial government recently laid 13 charges under the federal Fisheries Act against Suncor Inc. for dumping "detrimental substances" into the Athabasca River. These substances allegedly came from Suncor's oil sands mining plant at Fort McMurray, 220 km south of Port Chipewyan.

The charges followed four others laid in March, two under the federal Fisheries Act and two under the province's Clean Water Act. As a result, Suncor, if convicted, could face fines totaling more than \$145 million as well as a halt of damage suits from residents living downstream from the plant. A hearing is set for mid-July.

While the courts adjudge the case, Port Chipewyan fishermen struggle to feed and clothe their families. Soon after the provincial investigation began, a commercial fishing boat was placed on Lake Athabasca, one of Canada's largest lakes, for the remainder of the year. Normally, every May about two to three

dozen Port Chipewyan fishermen set out in their six-metre yaws and skiffs for the delta and take 25 km away to catch perch destined for New York City tables.

The bad news at the moment is this: During a normal season, a fisherman draws between \$4,000 and \$5,000. That helps supplement revenues absorbed from winter ice fishing and trapping. However, many of the men's trawlers, including Girard's, were damaged last summer by fierce fires which ravaged the region, leaving them with reduced catches this year. Last week the members of the Delta Native Fishermen's Association accepted a provincial offer of \$45,000 to make up for the lost income. Says Girard, the association's spokesman, who has fished the lake for 15 years: "The fishing was so good as a fisherman up here has to sell his boat to buy groceries for his family, then I'm going to get ugly."

Meanwhile, with the case before the courts, Suncor is silent. It pleaded not guilty to the two initial charges under the Fisheries Act. Nonetheless, a provincial pollution control report issued in March, 1982, shows the Fort McMurray plant often exceeded allowable emission levels since its former was removed in mid-1978. Toward the end of February, more than 20,000 kg of oil leaked into the river from the plant's waste-water holding pond. Under its licence, Suncor is allowed to release a monthly average of 300 kg a day, or a maximum of 400 kg in a one-day period. As the report indicated, Suncor notified the 220 native residents of Fort MacKay, 60 km north of Fort McMurray, a

about excessive seepage of oil, grease and other chemicals a full month after it was requested to do so by provincial officials. "I guess we should have, but we didn't," Suncor environment manager Bill Gray told Fort MacKay Chief, Dorothy McDonald, at a meeting in February. "I can't give excuses," he added, "but we were tied up with our problems."

But in 1985, the plant has been plagued with major problems in recent years. When a fire broke out in January, attempts to repair the damage were hampered by cold weather. Then a February warm spell led to a sudden runoff, creating the extraordinary leakers. Suncor is now spending \$10 million to upgrade its effluent system to prevent further overruns.

At the outset, Alberta Environment Minister Jack Cookson defended Suncor. But mounting evidence and admissions by the company undermined his defence. Led by the province's New Democratic Party, which continues to hammer away at Suncor for unsafe work conditions, the outrage grew and soon the entire environment department was under attack. A little later a concrete Cookson, declaring that his attitude had changed as a result of the Suncor incident, announced that tougher environmental legislation will be introduced next fall.

For fishermen Girard, the legislation cannot come soon enough. Ultimately, he blames the provincial government for what has happened. "They're the people who monitor the rivers and lakes. They're the people we elect to look after the country for us." ☐

# Matching old stories to new stages

Stage design has played a prominent role in the success—and failure—of productions at both the Shaw and Stratford theatres. After an awkward debut last year, Shaw's reconstructed Court House Theatre is now hosting two productions custom-tailored to its eccentric combination of thrust stage and greenhouse apse. The generous generosity of designer Jim Macdonald's in *Shaw's The True to Be Good* and the simplicity of *Constance Poroson's* dark-wooded hotel interior in *Shaw's The Singular Life of Albert Nobis* are models of how the imaginative structuring of limited space can help articulate the vision of both playwright and director.

*The True* is Shaw's dream play, still relevant after 50 years in director Paul Tazewell's updated and updated production. Among its characters is a character who is actually a measles microbe, a surprising lack of logical thought and a perverse sympathy for the wanted love of the rich. The plot is miserable. Audrey (Liz-Goldie), a drowsy, tormented burglar, breaks into the bedroom of Magnus (Goldie Seong), a stifled daughter of the wealthy middle class. Convinced she is dreaming, Magnus allows himself to be kidnapped, along with her pearl necklace, and spirited away to a Mediterranean paradise where the plot ends. Shaw's stage directions for this new-never land specify no limited sets, but Macdonald has achieved the play's absurdity in a playhouse of surrealistic fantasy. Under a Magritte sky, enormous de Chirico rocks-rare-beach balls spill from the backstage onto the thrust area, effectively disorienting the cast. At the same time, the moment equally far-fetched philosophical asides. Look real is provided by a British army regiment engaged in eliminating nonconformist native brigades.

This ludicrous scene is made more so by Anne-Marie Tylchamper's interpretations. Shaw's *True* is the oldest of the regiment, a stiff-jointed golden youth, but Robert Denham delightfully plays him as a pompous goof with a fly swatter instead of a riding crop dangling from his wrist. All the characters, in fact, resemble an array of caricatures. The play's dog-eared dream state is reinforced by the demerol



Sample absurdities embodied in a surrealistic fantasy

mined to carry on the fight for water-hoed and social order. What talk for Shaw, but even Macdonald's production the inability of scientific crudity in the modern age to fill the theme vacated by the depictions of ill-fated faith. And, as in all Shawian polemics, the horsemen of the apocalypse never trail far behind in this production the thunderclap of their armaments equals the finale as Ashby slowly rises above the stage in a strobe-lit demonic apoplexy to the strains of David Bowie's *Doyle's*. *True* is not every last, *The True* should still entertain playwrights willing to suggest disbelief in the enlightening power of the unrepentant.

For less flamboyant in Albert Nobis,

adapted by the French playwright and director Simone Benmouni from a short story by the Victorian Irish author George Moore, based on a case history. Nobis was an orphan who, after being institutionalized as a child and enduring an unrequited love in her teens, passed the rest of her brief life as a male waiter in a Dublin hotel. In the play Albert (Norm Macdonald) tells his story to Hubert (Marty Veneau), the Albert a male house painter, who works as a male house painter. However, Hubert also lives with a milliner as "husband" and wife. Although Albert never finds out from Hubert how she won her "wife" and disclosed her secret, she starts fantasizing about the joys and material security of domesticity and vows to find a wife too.

Director Christopher Newton has treated this tale with delicate pathos and respect, refusing to embellish it with even a hint of sentimentality. Poroson's elegant set stands subtly in the background, liberating the fore-stage for the awkward moments with the other hotel staff members that constitute Albert's attempts to court fantasy and reality. Added by lighting designer Jeffrey Dallas, Poroson has painted earth-bound characters offstage instead of Albert, focusing attention on her plight. Macdonald's rapid and sensitive interpretation for the most part survives his scrutiny. But at times the script went thin from over-saturation and could have been fortified by more extensive staging.

The play is powered by subtle ambiguities and gentle humor. As Albert, we see the cheeky mail Helen (Caroline Mitchell), patiently the wrong choice for his wife, the possibility that the ill-fated marriage relationship may be in love across their tortuous courtship. But, elsewhere, what is finely observed should be clearly visible. The burden of Albert's youth is not explicit enough to provide wild motivation for her self-imposed exile from human companions, as it appears how she puts aside her profound doubts about revealing her secret before pursuing Helen. The production does transcend those flaws, however, it is an odd mix of dark corner of the human condition and first-class not to enter but hounded to perceive.

—MARC GRAMSSON

# Forced to bow out

Lawless Union is at the heart of ballet, but it is quite some time a finger has been poking a hole through the polished fabric of the National Ballet of Canada. Increasingly, significant members have been leaving the fold: international competition medalist Kimberly Glasson chose competition with the American Ballet Theatre over a meteoric rise through the National's ranks, saying recently that there was nothing much happening in the company. This spring the Toronto box office was a major disappointment, not only, it seemed, because of hard times but because hard audiences would not come out to see the \$437,000 *Napoli*. Then the National's best-loved ballerina, Karina Knia, voiced bitter grievances about the company's artistic direction.

Last week the finger came to a pointed rest on artistic director Alexander Grant. In a dramatic move, André Galpinet, president of the National's board of directors, announced that the board was asking Grant to leave on June 30, 1993, one year shy of his contracted seven-year term. The previous week Galpinet had fawned to Jackson, Miss., where Grant was a juror at the International Ballet Competition, and asked him to resign. The 51-year-old artistic director, who took the position in 1986 after almost 30 years as an acclaimed dancer with England's Royal Ballet, refused, saying he had "no time to come back and talk."

Despite the drama of the proceedings, few insiders share Grant's expressed shock. "There were a lot of unhappy people wandering around," says James Kozlowski, who resigned from the National as a dancer last year to join Les Grands Ballets Canadiens but remains as its artistic as a company director. "Everyone said as soon as Karina and Frank Augustyni would go ahead, we would and have roles created especially for them. But when they came back, these really wasn't much to offer them."

What the dancers came here to was a repertoire of timeless and fascinating variety which Grant had fleshed out with a preponderance of light works. *Napoli*, for all its hoopla, is only that. The company's reconstruction last year of the mid-19th-century Dutch ballet was mounted at home as an extravagant expenditure on a mediocre



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historical museum piece. "Since the mid-'70s, the company has been in a position to attract new works from major international choreographers," says Gerry Skidell, administrative director of the company from 1972 to 1979. "Alexander hasn't been as aggressive as he could have been."

Indeed, audiences didn't seem happy with the programming fare. While the number of performances had increased by roughly 31 per cent since Grant's arrival, attendance has only increased by 13 per cent. "They come back to the dramatic pieces," says Kodolika. "They will sit through *Shen* Lake three times, but not *Le Pile du Gendarme*."

There is no question that Grant had two strikes against him on arrival. For one, the economy was sliding. More important, he had to measure up to Gella Frasca, the company's visionary founder and longtime director, who had run a tight ship from 1952 to 1974. Still, Grant was given resources to create and establish his own vision. He was also urged to expand his teaching and coaching staff in order to match the dancers, who had partly improved in technical prowess. Grant says bluntly: "There's no coaching whatsoever at the National." Grant, however, claims that he found a teacher-much just "before this was burnt on me."

What all this suggests is that Grant, whose early previous theatrical experience had been with a small touring group in England, was neither firm enough nor visionary enough to establish authority over an organization as massive as the National Ballet. Still, any change will be a long time coming. Grant's plans have been approved through 1986. In the meantime, the company has no choice but to tread its shaky way through equally shaky times.

—ALINA GILBERT

Grant's finger pointed right at him



Photo: David Laundy/Photo Bank

## ART

### Shaped to the surroundings

Since early man drew images of hanging bones on the rugged sides of caves, the art of the human hand has been a part of our lives. In the case of the Toronto Project, the art has been shaped, in part, by its place of creation. Just as these sculptures, created during the past month by American artists Robert Stackhouse and Nancy Holt and Canadian artist Melvin Charney in Toronto's historic St. Lawrence Market area, were constructed with their location in mind. The finished works, which will be on view for the next five months, are the end result of a project sponsored by Visual Arts Ontario, which invited the internationally recognized artists to build on the site, drawing upon the historic, social and architectural aspects of the area. What sets these works apart from cave paintings and the Egyptian pyramids is the intention to embody their surroundings rather than adapt to them.

The first sculpture to be completed in Ontario, Robert Stackhouse's *The Toronto Project*, has the most tenuous connection to its surroundings. Like the other works in the exhibition, it is constructed from simple materials. 12 wooden beams, painted sea-blue, rise upward and outward, forming a loose "A"-frame-like corner. Stackhouse, a master carpenter, engineer and student of myth, originally conceived his Toronto construction as a floating ship image slung at supporting frame that re-

*'The Toronto Project': an inverted hull*



sembled ears on the side of a galleon. The artist's propensity for incorporating ships in his work seemed particularly apt, given that the spire of the nearby St. James' Cathedral once acted as a beacon to the boats on Lake Ontario.

However, *The Toronto Project* changed as the making. The floating ship became a wooden dock-shaped floor on the earth; the ears became an inverted hull. Although making certain concessions to location—such as echoing the vertically placed copper roof of St. James'—the sculpture is reminiscent of much of Stackhouse's other

work. When one approaches the entrance of the piece, the wooden ribbing carries the viewer's eye toward infinity, a perspective that is modified by the constantly shifting and curving angles of the beams as one wanders around the sculpture. Inside, as the eye travels up, across and beyond intricate plays of light and wood, what the mind says should be a closed space becomes a oddly open one. *The Toronto Project* is at once a haven and a window and would just as well set in a barren field. Although more properly defined by Isamu, Corah Bunn, Nancy Holt's work,

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is a weaker sculpture. The design, which occupies a visible plot of land, came out of Hall's discovery that the site was once a commercial development; the artist focused her pace on the underlying drainage system. Catch Basin begins from a hole next with two grains, and three channels lead outward toward the surrounding hillside. As rain water flows down the channels and seeps into the drain, the viewer becomes aware of the function of the land in days gone by. At its focal point the sculpture is visually appealing: two steel struts, suspended on chains overhead, mirror the dimensions of the basin and the largest grate. Only as Catch Basin moves outward to the natural rhythm of the sculpture's centre broken by severe geometric channels, which spoil the physical contours of the land.

By literally celebrating the physical features of the King Street buildings, Melvin Charney's *A Toronto Construction* succeeds as a sculpture and as a site work. An architect-artist from Montreal, Charney approaches his art through a specific consideration of city streets and buildings. A Toronto Construction looks like a stage set. A plywood and steel monument to the architecture of the area, the piece mimics in the abstract the surrounding urban elements: the stateliness of the church, the gridlike functional qualities of the older commercial properties. The facade of the street is maintained by two wooden storefront ellipses that carry the observer along and into the piece. The viewer, faced with a modern structure that is not a building but the metaphor of building, is forced to come to terms with his perception—and with his environment. —SILVIA MCKAY

Charney's piece, celebrating the city



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## BOOKS

# A wondrous sea journey

SABBATICAL

by John Barth  
(General Publishing, \$19.95)

Each of John Barth's books since he launched *The Floating Opera* in 1956 has been more ambitious and more challenging than the one before. Each has been more entertaining, too, except for *Lost in the Cosmos* (1984), which appeared to explode from technical overkill. The most difficult and perhaps best of them all, *Chatter* (1972), paid lasting homage to the art of storytelling and won a National Book Award. Most recently, *Leviathan* (1979) was clever and great fun but left a reader with a few nagging questions about Barth's tendency to be consumed by tricky virtuosity.

With *Sabbatical*, all is well again. "The idea of sabbatical is to catch your breath, take stock, get perspective." So pronounced the narrator of the novel, the "we" who's an amalgam of Barth the author, his hero—Fennel Scott Kay Turner, age 56, ex-city agent, writer (at least once)—and the hero's wife—Susan Rachel Allan Berkle, 30, associate professor of literature (on leave). The story they construct together—part angry egg headler, part romantic light, part sailing manual and cruising guide to Chesapeake Bay—is a delightfully inventive and quite serious seashore meditation on love and politics, on reason and surprising as a underwater shoreline.

Fennel and Susan have a double task: to decide how to fashion and deliver their narrative and to figure out how to live their lives. They must deal with such mundane dilemmas as whether or not to have a child, whether to teach or write or sail, and where to do it. The choices are complicated by the disappearance, at the start of their year off, of Fennel's twin brother, Manfred, a darkly eccentric CIA agent, and of Manfred's son Gus, who may have been working against his country's (and his father's) involvement in subverting the Alvin regime in Chile. There is political intrigue aplenty, and family history takes some considerable sorting out as well. Manfred happens to be Susan's common-law stepfather, and Susan is a twin herself, there's a disturbed sister,



Barth as surprising as a underwater shoreline

a loopy mother, a Jewish grandmother and a putative descent from Edgar Allan Poe on her side. De Proust, there is an ex-wife and grandfather-in-law, both hateful, and a Steppenwolf from the author of *The Shon-Spengard Banner*.

The machinery Barth devises to produce that rambling, sometimes endearing, matter is elaborate in the extreme, yet it works with ingenuitous logic and timing. He weaves real people and current events into the plot, turns fact into fiction as well, provides dozens of footnotes to enrich the plot-on. But mostly he just sets Fennel and Susan talking and how they do talk! Allusive, witty, alert, loving, worried—both of them take Barthian pleasure in language, in the giddy possibilities of sound and syntax, pun and paradox.

Besides the act of narration itself, Barth's main subjects are men his readers will recognize. He is concerned with dreams—their shape, content, implications—with the mysteries of sperm and eggs (the wondrous "night sea-journey" of our beginning), with historical oddities, especially coincidence, doubling, twinning, and with precise details of



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lond Maryland geography. Fittingly for a shipboard sailor, he's preoccupied, at times to outrage, with the biological and political perils facing a sensitive, intelligent couple in the 1960s. His conclusion lies in the form and structure of the book's narrative "Once again, it is lurking back that takes the key, that is the key, to lurking forward."

*Soliloquy* is neither as splendidly conceived and adroitly worked out as Barth's other large-scale productions, nor so clearly focused and economical as his stories and shorter novels. It is leisurely, now and then almost tedious, Barth's muse is once again Beckettian, not a computer. He calls *Soliloquy* "A Romance," and in several senses the book fits the label. It features the occasional and the supernatural, subscribes to a measure of idealism, accepts the primacy of the human soul and aspects of human love. The novel may strike some as relentlessly didactic and verbose. Certainly it abounds in statements of middle-aged male wish-fulfillment, with its apes and storms at sea and good sex. Still, in attempting to write the chronicle of a more or less successful contemporary marriage with the uneasy realities of contemporary politics and history, to speak simultaneously of hearts and bodies and governments and wars, Barth is venturing into waters he has not charted before. What he discovers there is worth the risk taken.

—DOUGLAS IRVING

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### Fiction

- 1 *The President's Man*, Lindheim (U)
- 2 *The Untouchables*, Donohue (U)
- 3 *The Man From St. Petersburg*, Follet (U)
- 4 *No Goodbye, Forever* (U)
- 5 *North and South*, Johns (U)
- 6 *Friday*, Menck (U)
- 7 *An Inland Obsession*, McCullough (U)
- 8 *Memories of a Queen*, Greene (U)
- 9 *The Shogun's Court*, Thomas (U)
- 10 *Children*, Thompson (U)

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *John F. Kennedy's Workbooks*, Finkel (U)
- 2 *The Great Code*, Price (U)
- 3 *Years of Upheaval*, Atkinson (U)
- 4 *The Fate of the Earth*, Schulz (U)
- 5 *The Empire Strikes Back*, Goren (U)
- 6 *Living, Loving & Learning*, Bernstein (U)
- 7 *The Hole Head and the Baby Girl*, Savage (U)
- 8 *The Cowardly Lion Book of Dinosaurs*, Pridmore (U)
- 9 *Life on Earth*, Atkinson (U)
- 10 *Charles and Diana*, Hall (U)

(U) Fiction best seller

### MUSIC

## A summer celebration of folk music

By Paul McGrath

Since Rogers could be forgiven for arguing that he might have felt about what year or even what decade it was looking out over the crowd at the newly reborn Mariposa Folk Festival in Toronto two weeks ago, the stacks, holding strings, could easily have been stuck in the middle of 1972 with no hope of escape. Long skirts flowed to the ground, male hair flowed to the shoulders and ladies flowed out of control at the edges of the crowd, chased by young parents who looked as if they believed that Woodstock it was really just around the corner.

This is the scene into which Rogers, easily Canada's most under-recorded balladeer, will slowly immerse himself over the summer as he and a large number of other Canadian folk performers make the rounds of eight major folk festivals that have sprouted up over the past decade—with Mariposa, the grandchild of them all, as their role model. Last week, after Mariposa, most of them packed their guitars, tin whistles and dancing slaps and headed off to Sudbury or Calgary; this weekend will be spent at Rensselaer Provincial Park, just north of Whangpau, at the largest festival on the continent. Then it's on to Jericho Beach Park in Vancouver, London and Hamilton, Ont., went to Edmonton and back to Ontario for Summerfolk at Owen Sound, now in its seventh year.

What once provided sparse employment in the summer months for a few committed singers, players and dancers has grown, especially over the past five years, into a reliable coast-to-coast circuit, the only major outlet for a still-growing list of performers. Few will call it a folk boom, but most of those involved will agree that there has been a steady consolidation of an audience that is likely to stick with the idea for years to come. Those who grew up in the 1960s, when folk music was allied with popular music, are determined to grow all together already the customary bottles of wine served in ketchuks have been replaced with a dry supply of baby bottles. "There's no doubt that

the scene is much healthier than it ever has been," says Bonnie Goldstein, one of the organizers of the Whangpau Folk Festival. "As long as they can hang onto the audience they've built up to this point, there's no reason it shouldn't stay that way."

Mellow is not the byword; the festivals are now the hectic, stellar events they once were as the breeding ground for performers who entered the pop charts through folk's backdoor. In Mariposa's early years, after its inception in Orillia, Ont., in 1961, young talents such as Joni Mitchell, Gordon Lightfoot and Bruce Cockburn made their appearances at the festival before moving on to wider audiences and international acclaim. More recently, in the festival's last decade, they would return for fun, dragging the likes of Bob Dylan. But even that has stopped, so festival organizers wearied of the crowd masses that accompanied even unheralded visits by well-known performers who had long outgrown the scene. The organizers of



Rogers at Mariposa: '60s style worn there with baby bottles

the '60s would prefer to stick to lesser-known—less well-known—performers, providing a focus for tomorrow's talent. In the absence of stars, the music and offerings form a more cohesive package—a quiet, unperurbed mixture of song, dance and craft.

This year, after a two-year absence, Mariposa broke rank and placed the Canadian performers on centre stage, offering its first all-Canadian event since 1963, when all the festival could afford was Canadians. Ottawa's Ian Tyson was heard to say, "It's a great idea, but it's about 10 years late." Still, the performers couldn't really argue about the exposure Rogers shared the stage with such folkies as Friends of Elder's Green, Rick Avery and Judy Green, Jill, Margaret Chutill and John Allen Cameron, who between them covered everything from across British Columbia to lively jazz and reels. Also along were contemporary singer-songwriters such as Genie Kaler, Rodney Brown, David Campbell and Tammylyn.

Few stylistic stones were left unturned—the festival covered the country's music, from down-east fiddle tunes to the Cape Breton Synchro-swing, or Beethoven—through the folkies' nostalgia of the Primes, to last dancers. Most of the ethnic groups who originated in Canada were the turn of the century last some small or large mark on the people's music, and there were suggestions of Ukrainian, Japanese, Jewish and American music, all of them conjured up from the bags of beads tossed by the masses of musicians in attendance.

Toronto may have felt the offering was too homogeneous the crowd of 10,000 that turned out for the largely sunny weekend was less than half of what could have been expected five years ago. However, the music was classic, trying the crowd with witlike in his brew, was optimistic for the future, but cautious. "Keep in mind that the people who used to come now have careers to worry about. They just don't have the same kind of one they used to be."

Whangpau's artistic director, Miroslav

Podolak, a Western folk pioneer who also put his own money on the line to produce Stan Rogers' first record, thinks Mariposa's "historic pursuit" is a myth. "There's no border when it comes to music. Philosophically, I'm an internationalist and I resist the pressure to show only Canadian stuff," he says. "Having drawn a crowd of 25,000 to last year's festival, Podolak speaks from a position of strength—and a position shared by other organizers. The Winnipeg Folk Festival has welcomed music from eight countries, a staggering army of more than 100 acts, mixing blues, bluegrass and banjo songs with the various forms of Anglo-Celtic and French traditional music that make up the bulk of the fare at most festivals. The Vancouver Folk Music Festival, which attracted almost 20,000 folks last year, will also continue to sport the varied, international lineup that once made Mariposa famous across the continent. This year the West Coast will be treated to Cajon music from Louisiana, Tex-Mex music from the southern border areas of the United States and wild dances from Latin America, Sweden, Ghana and Japan."

For the mass scholarly fans of traditional music, many of whom have grown more aware of "pure" and "impure" folk over the years, the mixture of styles makes for some justified confusion as to what, exactly, constitutes Canadian folk music. All of the festivals are populated with contemporary singer-song-



Mariposa crowd: the hard face of the acoustic guitar

writers who could be called folk singers simply because they play acoustic instruments and don't scream when they sing. That isn't quite enough to fulfil a purist's idea of the folk tradition, for instance, it will take another 100 years or so before Stan Rogers' music, traditional-sounding though it may be in both lyric and melody, could pass unscathed into everyday oral use

to become true folk music. To die-hard traditionalists, such Canadian singers as Max, Murray McLauchlan, Rodney Yew and radical lesbian Feroles, all on this summer's circuit, don't really count, even though the festivals provide them with the largest audiences for their music.

What does count is history. If the song is at least 100 years old and nobody can remember the name of the composer, then you're in business. If it was borrowed from the folk tradition of another country and reigned in Canada, it counts as better than being around a place in our oral tradition. Bith Feroles, one of the country's most knowledgeable musical folklorists and a workshop contributor at Mariposa (this year, says that Canadianism in music has largely been a question of subject matter: "There is almost as much thing as an original Canadian folk tune. Most of the ones we have here were borrowed from Britain and Ireland. What is specifically Canadian about them are the themes and lyrics that were added when the old ones lost their relevance. Logging songs, fishing songs, sealing songs, songs about Great Lakes shipwrecks—that's what Canadian folk music is all about.")

By Feroles's standards, however, fully 50 per cent of any folk festival bill across the country is not purely folk. But folk festivals have always tamed what the old and the new. It can never quite be forgotten that Bob Dylan, too, was once a poor, shuffling streetwise with a song list cribbed from a variety of black-and-white sources. And, no doubt, there are some organizers who still believe that another Dylan, from Kingston or Charlottetown, may arise from the folk scene to lead the second attack on the pop charts.

Bookers are not giving odds on that possibility. For more than a decade, folk has been the poor sibling to the mainstream rock industry, and its full-time participants see only a fraction of the earnings of the scores of performers on the circuit. Only two, Vicky and Murray McLauchlan, have had any relationship with a major recording company. But, for the moment, it is a labor of love. Some writers, as some find themselves yet again behind the wheel of a cab, watching the rest form on the downtown, their minds will wander to the summer of '68 and another shot at the circuit. ♦

## FILMS

# The rhythms of history

ROLERO

Directed by Claude Lelouch

**B**efore, Claude Lelouch's multi-generational, multi-cultural saga of the past half-century, is an ambitious attempt at a modern epic. Running three hours, with a host of characters interweaving through its broad canvas, the movie is crowded, demanding and thrilling in concept. Though they never meet, the first-generation characters in *Rolero* share the Second World War and a passion for music. They range from an American band-leader (James Cagney) and his wife (Gerardine Chaplin) to a Jewish French pianist (Robert Hossein) and his wife, a violinist (Odette Gaudin). Their children and their children's children (played by the same actors in all cases) do eventually connect through the contrivances of the plot as Lelouch, evoking Riviera, tries to build his movie rhythmically and emotionally, working to a climax.

For its first hour *Rolero* is the best work Lelouch (a Man and a Woman) has done, revisiting a surprising depth and veracity. The film is about the power of music and how it is passed from one generation to another, as though it were a form of magic. It is also about the madness of the century and the century's joys, which the madmen tries to exterminate. There are some dramatic cliffing transitions in the story: emigrants from America and French emigrants to a French bulletin and his best friend, after much time and his wife and a lonely French character.

A few years ago, in *Tout va venir*, Lelouch unsuccessfully attempted a grand, passionate evocation of history's continuity. The movie had, however, one memorable line when a man tells a woman, "Your face is as beautiful as the new century." Despite its surface gloss and sentimentality, much of *Rolero* stays with you the way that line does. What will probably linger longest in Nasty Goreau's delicate performance as the mother who, after abandoning her baby to spare him the death camp, spends the rest of her life searching



Cost: music through the generations

Lelouch allows his complex narrative to crumble in the movie's second third, and he disposes of characters whose fates we expected to follow. The scope of *Rolero* is overpowering and it proves unmanageable for him. At this point, too, confusion arises from the same actors playing parent and child. But the movie revives moments as it takes a bigger breath to reach its final destination: a warning (over itself), where the name and the characters were finally drawn together. If only all of *Rolero* had connected in the same fashion.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE

Canoeists, many were travelling the festival circuit, from Vancouver to Orléans Sound



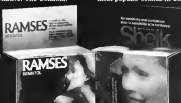
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# Budgets in search of an encore

By Charles Gordon

Discussions as the August '82 budget began almost immediately. The Minister of Finance was there, along with the economic ministers and his ministerial adviser, Dr. Strangemore. When they had assembled at the beige table in the room with the beige walls and the beige carpet, the finance minister spoke.

"This time we're going to get it right," he said. "Any suggestions?"

The Minister of Crashing Debt was first. "I liked what we did in when we did it."

The finance minister frowned. "June," he said. "Right, June. I liked it in June when we gave people \$1,000 to buy a house. Of course the situation has changed since then," the Minister of Crashing Debt added, "even though it seems like only yesterday."

The Minister of Bankruptcy interrupted. "It was just work," he said. "And we didn't really give it to them—they had to be able to raise the down payment first."

The Minister of Crashing Debt nodded. "That's the only thing that bothers me," he said. "Why don't we just give them the \$1,000? They'll love that."

"I don't know," said the Secretary of State for Mortgage Foreclosure. "Potential home buyers are a pretty small group. Why don't we just give \$1,000 to everybody who already has a house? There are more of them."

"I like it," the Minister of Finance said. "Dr. Strangemore, does that make economic sense?"

No one knew exactly where Dr. Strangemore came from, only that he spoke in the accents of a major eastern university.

"In a slow-growth territory index mode," he said, "graduated stretch tend to deflationary."

He held up a chart. "Planeset!" he shouted. "Slide!"

The ministers nodded gravely, and the Minister of Small Business Finance held up his hand. "You think it will work, then?" he asked.

Dr. Strangemore nodded. "Slide," he said. "Crunch."

Approving murmurs greeted this statement. "Good," said the Minister of Finance. "Now we need a few more ideas to make people forget November."

"And June," someone muttered.

"We shouldn't be apologetic about those," said the Minister Without Portfolio Responsible for the Disappearance of the Pandion Farm. "There's no need to make excuses. We should stand behind them." He turned to the Minister of Finance. "You could say the sun

Discussion turned to another problem: ordinary people were refusing to take the blame for the nation's economic crisis.

"We tried making them feel guilty in June," the Minister for Indulgence and Blame said, "but it didn't work. Some of them still want higher wages, even though they still have some of their savings left."

"Maybe we could call the provinces in again and get them to do some blamish," said the Minister of Maladministration. "Then we get a gap to stand in front of one of them and take the blame. He says he held out for seven per cent and now they're short the hospital. Later, we quietly put him in the Senate."

"Positive indications," said Dr. Strangemore. "A quasi-coordinated leveling of the federal parameters. Crunch! Bottom! Alphas!"

The ministers nodded again after a show of hands. The Minister of Strangeness introduced another proposal. "What I liked about the budget in when was it?"

"June."

"What I liked about the budget in June was the way it asked everybody to be miserable, but didn't actually force them to do it. We should do more arguing and asking. This time we single out bank presidents and TV evangelists and Peter Pookington. It doesn't cost anything. And now we urge five per cent instead of six. That shows we're making progress."

"Four would be better," said the President of the Pension Council.

Dr. Strangemore punched his calculator. "Drip!" he said. "Spiral?"

"What about the press?" asked the Minister of Derogation. "Do we lock them up all night this time?"

The Minister of Finance shook his head. "Think was a mistake," he said. "This time we let the press out and look up the budget."

Ministerial hands thumped the table. Reporters questioning the departing ministers were told that the cabinet was taking hold new steps to move the economy forward.

As a symbol of their break with the past, the ministers had agreed, before adjournment, to paint the room tan.



put in your eyes."

"I have an idea," said the Finance Minister. "Let's paint the room. It's hard to think up precedent-shattering ideas in a beige room."

Dr. Strangemore stood and pointed to another chart. "Skyscraper!" he said. "Rampaging! Zoom!"

"You're right," the Minister of Finance said. "It wouldn't be Liberalism without beige."

"The best Liberalism," said the Minister for Fear itself, "was when we painted lots of stuff, then said we were setting up a consultative board to see whether it was feasible to keep the program. The only weak part was the program. This time, what about number ratings at three-per-cent interest rates and..."

Dr. Strangemore smiled. "De-indexing counterbalances out-of-office allowances to compensate for Pension Indexing caps."

"Really," the Minister for Fear himself replied.



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